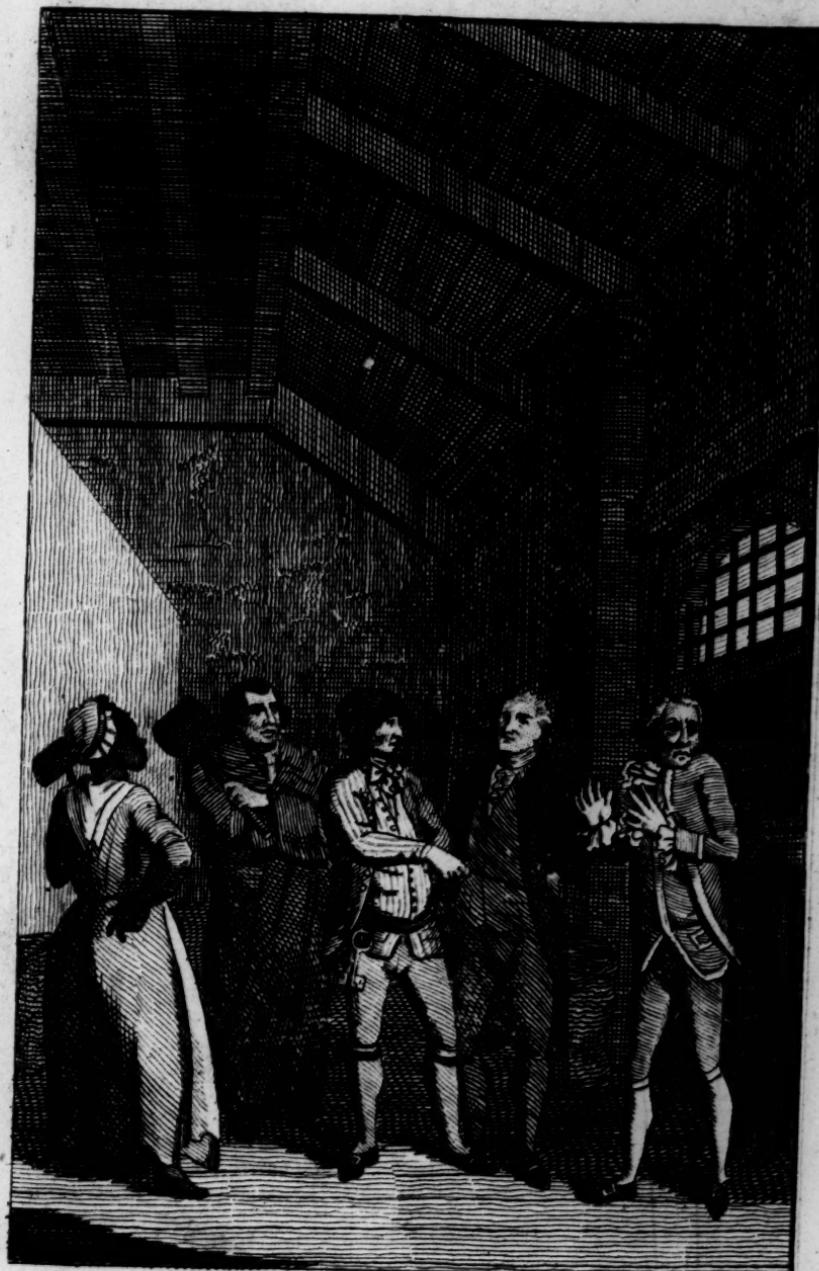


M^r EDWIN in the Character of a JAIL KEEPER.



"Ye Scamps ye Pads ye Divers."



THE

Comic Songster,

O. R.

LAUGHING COMPANION:

A COLLECTION OF

HUMOUROUS,
DROLL,
LAUGHABLE
LUDICROUS,FUNNY,
COMIC,
IMITATIVE,
ENTERTAINING.

S O N G S,

COMPILED TO RAISE MIRTH,

Being a Genuine Collection of such as are Sung at the

BUCKS,
MASON'S,
ALBIONS,
TRUE BRITONS,
SONS OF THESPIS,BEEF STEAK CLUBS,
TRUE BLUES,
SONS OF COMUS,
ANACREONTICS,
THEATRICAL GENIUSES.

By their Sons of Humour

MOODY, EDWIN, WILSON,
PARSONS, QUICK, BANNISTER, &c.Many of which are ORIGINALS, and never before
published.The whole compiled to promote Harmony and good
Fellowship, to enliven the Heart, and raise a Laugh.

“Let Mirth and Wine go round.”

THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LANE, LEADENHALL-STREET.

M DCC LXXXIX.

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THE
Comic Songster,
OR
LAUGHING COMPANION.

SONG.

BRIDEWELL'S WELCOME.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

YE Scamps, ye Pads, ye Divers and all upon
the lay,
In Tothill-Fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs ye
sport and play;
Rattl'ing up your darbies, come hither at my call,
I'm jigger Dubber here and you're welcome to
Mill Doll.

With my tow row, &c.

At your insurance-office the flats you've taken in,
 'The game you've play'd, my kiddy, you're always
 sure to win ;
 First you touch the shiners— the number up— you
 break,
 With your insuring policy, I'd not insure your neck.
With my tow row, &c.

The French, with trotters nimble, could fly from
 English blows ;
 And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur
 plainly shews :
 Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd, ay, thump away
 Monsieur,
 The hemp you're beating now, will make your
 solitaire.

My peepers, who've we here now, why this is sure
 Black Moll,
 My Ma'am you're of the fair sex, so welcome to
 Mill Doll ;
 The cull with you, who'd venture into a snoozing
 ken,
 Like Blackamoor Othello, should put out the light,
 and then —

I think, my flashy coachman, that you'll take bet-
 ter care,
 Not for a little bub come the flang upon your fare ;
 Your jazy pays the garnish, unlesfs the fees you tip,
 Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the gagger
 holds the whip.

C H O R U S.

We're Scamps, we're Pads, we're Divers, we're
 all upon the lay,
 In Tothill-Fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs we
 sport and play ;
 Ratt'ling up our darbies, we're hither at your call,
 You are Jigger Dubber here and we're forc'd for
 to Mill Doll.

S O N G.

THE CAXON.

A Burlesque.

BARBERS, I have lost my wig !
 Have you seen my caxon ?
 (Pride of ev'ry empty prig)
 'Twas made by Jemmy Jackson :
 I for it my hair forsook,
 Whose colour was a flaxen ;
 Ah! woe is me, how sad I look,
 Since I have lost my caxon.

Jemmy I must ne'er see more
 'Till my wig's returning !
 He caution'd me, aye o'er and o'er,
 'Gainst losing and 'gainst burning !
 Whither is my caxon toss'd ?
 Barbers tell me qui **k**l / —
 Ah! me! perhaps 'tis ever lost,
 Examine e'er so strictly.

S O N G.

THE CONTRAST.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

YOU, my spruce little Matthew, lov'd fun, so
did I,
You was pleas'd with high fun, I with fun that was
high;
In frolick, I grant, you were ever my brother;
I'll give you two portraits, mine one, your's the
other:
Now 'tis your's, brother Mat, whose presentment's
amiss,
Pray, look on this picture, here, then look on this.

I was jove of the table, and king of the farce,
A good brazen front, and an eye just like Mars;
To command a full bumper, or threaten a fine,
When any fly sneaker was sick of his wine:
And, next day, when in town I had taken my fill,
Kiss'd a heavenly lass upon gay Richmond-hill.

Such a queer combination, with no form indeed,
So fond of the grape and so wicked a weed!
Jolly Bacchus grew proud of my wine bibbing
throttle,
And the God set his seal upon me like a bottle:
As King of full bumpers, old songs, whoops and
halloo's
This was your friend Roger—now look you what
follows.

Here

Here is my friend Matthew, quite mildew'd and
mouldy,
Falls short of his brother in all that I told you;
And each hearty fellow, my bouts when recounting,
Will point at this Moor, with his pint of poor
mountain;
Crying, what lad of judgment would step from the
blis,
Of quaffing with this man, to tipple with this.

S O N G.

LANDLADY CASEY.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in Fontainbleau.

THE British lion is my sign,
A roaring trade I drive on;
Right English usage—neat French wine
A landlady may thrive on:
At table d'hotte to eat and drink,
Let french and english mingle;
And while to me they tip the chink,
Faith, let the glasses jingle.
Your rhino rattle,
Come men and cattle,
Come all to Mrs. Casey:
Of trouble and money,
My jewel my honey,
I warrant I'll make you easy.

When drest and seated in my bar,
 Let 'squire, or beau, or belle come ;
 Let Captains kiss me if they dare,
 It's fir, your kindly welcome !
 On shuffle, cog, and slip, I wink,
 Let rooks and pigeons mingle ;
 And if to me they bring the chink,
 Faith, let the glasses jingle.

Your rhino, &c.

Let love fly here on filken wings,
 His tricks I still connive at ;
 The lover who would say soft things,
 Shall have a room in private :
 On pleasure I am pleas'd to wink,
 So lips in kisses mingle ;
 For while to me they bring the chink,
 Faith let the glasses jingle.

Your rhino,, &c.

S O N G.

THE WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

THERE was an old man, and though it's not
 common,
 Yet if he said true, he was born of a woman ;
 And tho' it's incredible, yet I've been told,
 He was once a mere infant, but age made him old,
 Age made him old, age made him old,
 He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

Whene'er

Whene'er he was hungry he long'd for some meat,
 And if he could get it, 'twas said he would eat ;
 When thirsty, he'd drink, if you gave him a pot,
 And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.

He seldom or never could see without light,
 And yet I've been told he could hear in the night ;
 He has oft been awake in the day-time 'tis said,
 And has fallen asleep as he lay in his bed.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
 And he stirr'd both his arms and his leggs when he walk'd ;
 And his gait was so odd, had you seen him, you'd burst,
 For one leg or other would always be first.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
 For if 'twas not wash'd it was seldom quite clean ,
 He shew'd most his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
 And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin.

When this whimsical chap had a river to pass,
 If he could not get o'er, he would stay where he was ;
 'Tis said he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
 Yet so great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Among other strange things that befel this good
yoeman,
He was married, poor soul, and his wife was a
woman;
And unless by that liar, Miss Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.

At last he fell sick as old Chronicles tell,
And then, as folks say, he was not very well;
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he could get no physician.

What wonder he died—yet, 'tis said, that his death
Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath:
But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer he had been a day older.

DE CAPO.

S O N G.

THE WONDERFUL OLD WOMAN.

Being an Answer to the Wonderful Old Man.

SINCE a wonderful man I find is quite common,
A wonderful tale I'll relate of a woman;
When a child, she was counted an infant, 'tis hinted,
And was always best pleas'd when she seem'd most
contented.

Her

Her form was most strange, for, as it is told us,
 She was born with a head that was plac'd on her
 shoulders ;
 She could see with her eyes, with her tongue she
 could talk,
 And her legs always mov'd when she happen'd to
 walk.

When she found herself cold, she would often desire,
 (So cunning was she) to be plac'd by the fire ;
 If she found it too hot (it is true what I say)
 So great was her sense, she would move quite away.

Old maxims she had in great store in her mind,
 And knew when she went first she was never behind ;
 It is odd, you will say, but 'twas certainly so,
 Nothing troubled her mind but misfortunes and
 woe.

In the morning she always got up when she rose,
 Nor ever look'd naked when cover'd with cloaths ;
 She'd an arm to each leg, and strange to relate,
 She had fingers and toes to her hands and her feet.

Having pass'd through this life in a manner un-
 common,
 When dead she was silent altho' an old woman ;
 But the strangest event happen'd after her death,
 To the grave she was carry'd and quite out of breath.

SONG.

THE WEDDING DAY.

Sung by Miss Decamp.

LE T me entreat, entreat you to comply,
 I'm sure by your looks you cannot long deny;
 Kind Sir, we beg you'll deign to stay,
 To hail with glee our wedding-day;
 All on the green with garlands fresh and fair,
 Oh! what delights, would you our pastimes share:
 With dance and song,
 We'll join the throng,
And banish ev'ry care:
 For such a theme,
 Tho' young I seem,
 Yet sing I may
 One tender lay,
 Oh! love, oh! gentlest pow'r
 Smile on the wedding hour.

You see, dear father, tho' young I can please,
 The pilgrim will stay, I have won him with ease,
 Yes, yes, I am sure he can't say nay,
 We all shall keep this holiday:
 Then on the green, your pleasure to enhance,
 If you'll but think for Julie to advance,
 Altho' not yet,
 So tall as Laurette,
I think you'll own I can dance,
 With sprightly step,
 I'll bound, I'll leap,
 And sing all day
 That happy lay,
 Oh! love, oh! gentlest pow'r,
 Smile on the wedding hour.

SONG.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 (Where sad despair and famine always
 dwells)

A meagre Frenchman, Madame Granfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd, his carcase that way took :
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-loin,
 On which in vain he oft had wish'd to dine.
 Good father Dominic by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye ;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd :
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chops and thus the Knight address'd.

A T R.

(A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.)

O rare roast beef ! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd

Renown'd Sir-loin, oft' times decreed,
 The theme of English ballad,
 On thee e'en Kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate :
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed,
 Soup-meagre, frog, and fallad.

RECITATIVE.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a fight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frightened Hamlet gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food :
 His morning's mess forsook (the friendly bowl)
 And in small streams along the pavement stole ;
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And thus, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

A I R.

(Foot's Minuet.)

Ah, sacre Die ! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and white ?
 Be gar it is the roast beef of Londree,
 Oh! grant to me van letal bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies ;
 In kind compassion to my pleading,
 Return and let me feast mine eyes.

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 (Whose brazen front his country did betray)
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had thither fled,
 By honest means to gain a daily bread:
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descriy'd
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cried.

A I R.

(*Ellen a Roon.*)

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef that now causes my stomach to rise;
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailfulls run out of my eyes.

While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain my life's not worth a farthing;
 Ah! hard hearted Loui,
 Why did I come to you?
 The gallows more kind would have sav'd me from
 starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground, hard by, poor Sawney fat,
 Who fed his nose and scratch'd his ruddy pate;
 But

But when Old England's bulwark he espied,
 His dear lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aside :
 With lifted hands he blest his native place,
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case.

A I R.

(*The Broom of Cowdenknows.*)

How hard, oh! Sawney is thy lot,
 Who was so blithe of late ;
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great.

O the beef! the bonny, bonny beef,
 When roast'd nice and brown ;
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down.

Ah, Charley! hadst thou ne'er been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
 I would the de'el had pick'd mine eyn,
 E'er I had gang'd wi' thee.

O the beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But see, my Muse to England takes her flight,
 Where health and plenty socially unite ;
 Where smiling freedom guards great George's
 throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known :
 Tho' Britain's fame in loftier strains should ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

A I R.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boasted his size he could quickly attain.

*O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.*

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mamma, who stood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cried, son to attempt it you're surely to blame.

O the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst,
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
'Till swelling and straining too hard, made him burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then Britons be valiant, the moral is clear,
The Ox is Old England, the Frog is Monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.

O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able,
To see the Sir-loin smoaking hot on the table,
The French may e'en boast like the frog in the
fable.

O the roast beef, &c.

SONG.

SONG.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

TO be merry and wise is a proverb of old,
 But a maxim so good can't too often be told:
 Then attend to my song, nor my council despise,
 For I mean to be merry—but merry and wise.

Ye bucks, who, when toping, such raptures express,
 And yet the next day's dismal proofs of excess;
 Avoid all extremes, and mark well my advice,
 'Tis to drink and be merry—but merry and wise.

In women all lovely is center'd; each bliss,
 But let prudence give sanction, 'twill sweeten the
 kiss;
 If not beauty or folly your senses surprise,
 You may kiss and be merry—but merry and wise.

Then ye topers and rakes, who would lead happy
 lives,
 All excesses avoid, and choose modest wives;
 While prudence presides, it is thus I advise,
 Love, drink and be merry—but merry and wise.

SONG.

SONG.

THE JOLLY SAILOR.

A Jolly Jack Tar, but a little while since,
As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince;
Fell foul of an ale-house and thought it a sin
To pass without calling, so went roaring in.

Derry down, &c.

He scarce had sat down, when the landlord came by
With pudding and beef which attracted his eye;
From the mast-head a sail—Jack leapt from his
place,

And grasping his cudgel gave orders for chace.

Derry down, &c.

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchmen were met,
Resolving soup-meagre and frogs to forget;
Convinc'd of their error, they'd order'd a feast,
To be dress'd and serv'd up in the true English taste.

Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord Jack quickly appears,
And made the room echo with three British cheers;
Then sat himself down without any debate,
And whipt his old chew on his next neighbour's
plate.

Derry down, &c.

No sooner was Jack thus possess'd of a place,
Than thinking it needless to wait for the grace ;
In spite of their whispers, the stout English thief
First grappled the pudding then boarded the beef.

Derry down, &c.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmens surprise,
They shrunk up their shoulders and star'd with their
eyes ;

From one went a hah ! from another a hem !
They look'd at the landlord, the landlord at them.

Derry down, &c.

One more bold than the rest, by his brethren's advice,
Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice ;
But Jack cut his fingers and gave him a check,
Crying down with your arms or I'll soon clear the
deck.

Derry down, &c.

At length to revenge all the Frenchmen unite,
Each siez'd on his knife and prepar'd for a fight ;
Of quarters, says Jack, I would have you not think,
So strike, you soup-bibbers, strike, strike, or you sink.

Derry down, &c.

The landlord beholding, approach'd from afar,
And, sneaking behind, siez'd the hands of the tar ;
I've got him, says he, but he scarce could say more,
E'er he found his dull pate where his heels were
before.

Derry down, &c.

Then, frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old stick,
And lay on his broadsides so fast and so thick—
He so well play'd his part, in a minute, that four
Lay sprawling along, with their host, on the floor.

Derry down, &c.

The rest, being dismay'd at their countrymen's fate,
Each fearing Jack's stick should alight on his pate ;
Soon yielded him victor and lord of the main,
With humble entreaty to bury their slain..

Derry down, &c.

To which he consented, but order'd that they,
For the beef, and the pudding, and porter should pay;
So saying he stagger'd away to his wench,
Still whooping and crying, down, down with the
French.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

A HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

TH E whistling ploughman hails the blushing dawn,
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note ;
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

AIR.

Away, to the copse, lead away,
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;
 I'll warrant he shews us some play,
 See yonder he skulls thro' the grounds.

Then spur your brisk coursers and smoke 'em my
 bloods,
 'Tis a delicate, scent-lying morn ;
 What concert is equal to those of the woods,
 Betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
 In cover no safety can find ;
 So he breaks it and scours amain,
 And leaves us a distance behind.

O'er rocks, o'er rivers, and o'er hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we scorn ;
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die,
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
 His speed can no longer avail,
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.

From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
 he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd and forlorn ;
 The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
 And shout to the sound of the horn.

SONG.

THE MERRY DANCE.

Sung by Miss Romanzini.

THE merry dance I dearly love,
 For then, Collette, thy hand I sieze ;
 And press it too whene're I please,
 And none can see and none reprove :
 Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
 And then we whisper soft and low,
 Ah! how I grieve, ah! how I grieve,
 I grieve, you ne'er her charms can know.

She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
 Yet still we are too young they say,
 But we know better sure than they ;
 Youth should not listen to threescore :
 And I'm resolv'd to tell her so,
 When next we whisper soft and low,
 Oh! how I grieve, oh! how I grieve,
 I grieve, you ne'er her charms can know.

SONG.

THE BOTTLE AND LASS.

Sung by Mr. Burling.

ONE day as I sat with a blooming young lass,
 In came jolly Bacchus the rosy fac'd god ;
 In came, &c.

He

He held out his hand and he gave me a glas,
 I toss'd it off quickly and gave him a nod :
 Said he, jolly mortal, since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and lass while you can.

He sat himself down and call'd for a tun,
 A tun of good wine, it was spark'ling Cham-
 paigne,
 And swore I should drink while the liquor would
 run,
 He fill'd, and I drank, and he fill'd it again :
 And said, jolly mortal, since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and lass while you can.

He order'd again the same as before,
 And laughing, said prithee boy have t'other bout;
 He said, son drink hearty, I've plenty in store,
 Good father, said I, I'll e'en see it out :
 Said he bravo, bravo, since life's but a span,
 Enjoy both your bottle and lass while you can.

What Bacchus has taught shall ne'er be forgot,
 As long as I've breath for to tope a full glas ;
 And may rosy wine be for ever my lot,
 A hearty good friend and a comely young lass :
 For since I am certain that life's but a span,
 I'll drink and be merry as long as I can.

SONG

S O N G.

MY LADY'S KETTLE.

A Jolly tinker through the street
 Went warb'ling on in voice most sweet,
 D'y'e want a man of mettle?
 With that my lady's maid stept out,
 Hip, friend, quoth she, I make no doubt
 You'll stop my lady's kettle.

He first examin'd well the flaws,
 Then out his implements he draws,
 With store of lasting mettle :
 Tho' tight he work'd, spite of his soul,
 There still remain'd a swinging hole,
 A hole in my lady's kettle.

S O N G.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

Written by Ralph Tomlinson, Esq;

TO Anacreon, in Heav'n, where he sat in full
 glee,
 A few sons of harmony sent a petition,
 That he their inspirer and patron would be,
 When this answer arriv'd from the jolly old
 Grecian—
 Voice, fiddle and flute,
 No longer be mute,
 I'll lend ye my name and inspire ye to boot ;
 And besides, I'll instruct ye, like me, to entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

C

The,

The news through Olympus immediately flew,
 When old Thunder pretended to give himself airs,
 If these mortals are suffer'd their schemes to pursue,
 The devil a goddef's will stay above stairs.

Hark! already they cry,
 In transports of joy,
 A fig for Parnassus! to Rowley's we'll fly:
 And there, my good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The yellow-hair'd god, and his nine fusty maids,
 To the hill of old Lud will incontinent flee;
 Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
 And the biforked hill a mere desart will be:

My thunder, no fear on't,
 Will soon do its errand,
 And, dam'me! I'll swinge the ringleaders,
 warrant;

I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to 'twine
 The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Apolle rose up, and said, prithee ne'er quarrel,
 Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
 Your thunder is useless, then shewing his laurel,
 Cry'd *Sic evitabile fulmen*, you know!

Then over each head
 My laurels I'll spread,
 So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
 dread,

While snug in their club-room, they jovially 'twine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Next Momus got up, with his risible phiz;
 And swore with Apollo he'd cheerfully join :
 The full tide of harmony still shall be his,
 But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall
 be mine :
 Then, Jove, be not jealous,
 Of these honest fellows ;
 Cry'd Jove, we relent, since the truth you now
 tell us,
 And swear, by old Styx, that they long shall intwine
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

Ye sons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand,
 Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love ;
 'Tis your's to support what's so happily plann'd,
 You've the sanction of gods and the fiat of Jove :
 While thus we agree,
 Our toast may it be,
 May our club flourish happy, united and free !
 And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine,
 The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

S O N G.

ADVANTAGE OF TRUTH.

Sung by Mr. Parsons, in Inkle and Yarico.

O GIVE me your plain dealing fellows,
 Who never from honesty shrink ;
 Not thinking on all they should tell us,
 But telling us all that they think.

C 2

Truth

Truth from man flows like wine from a bottle,
 His free spoken heart's a full cup ;
 But when truth sticks half way in the throttle,
 Man's worse than a bottle cork'd up.

Complaisance is a gingerbread creature,
 Us'd for shew like a watch by each spark ;
 But truth is a golden repeater,
 That sets a man right in the dark.

S O N G .

CONQUEST OF MARS.

Sung by Mrs. Bannister, in Inkle and Yarico.

MARS would oft his conquests over
 To the Cyprian goddess yield :
 Venus glорied in a lover,
 Who like him could brave the field.

Mars would oft', &c.

In the cause of battles hearty,
 Still the god would strut to prove,
 He who fac'd an adverse party,
 Fittest was to face his love.

Mars would oft', &c.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluster,
 Hear the god of war declare ;
 Cowards never can pass muster,
 Courage only wins the fair.

Mars would oft', &c.

•ODDESS OF THE CHACE.

Sung by Mr. Doyle.

GIVE round the word dismount, dismount,
While echoed by the sprightly horn ;
The toils and pleasures we recount,
Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

CHORUS.

'Twas glorious sport none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand,
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Aetœon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chace,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chace.

The hounds were out and snuff'd the air,
And scarce had reach'd the appointed spot ;
But pleased they heard a layer, a layer,
And presently drew on the flot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plains he fleets,
The deep mouth hounds begin to bawl,
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

For now the stag has lost his pace,
 And while war-haunch the huntsman cries ;
 His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
 He pants, he struggles and he dies.
 'Twas glorious sport. &c.

SONG.

THE HAPPY FELLOW.

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in
 the other,
 I'll drink to my neighbour and friend ;
 My cares in a whiff of tobacco I'll smother,
 Since life I know shortly must end :
 While Ceres most kindly refils my brown jug,
 With good ale I will make myself mellow ;
 In my old wicker chair I will seat myself snug,
 Like a jolly and true happy fellow.

I'll ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the
 nation,
 I've enough of my own for to mind ;
 For the cares of this life are but grief and vexation,
 To death we must all be consign'd :
 Then I laugh, drink and smoke, and leave nothing to
 pay,
 But drop like a pear that is mellow ;
 And when cold in my coffin I'll leave them to say,
 He's gone, what a hearty good fellow !

SONG.

SONG.

THE CRY OF THE HOUNDS.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

HA R K away, my brave boys, to the cry of the hounds,
 How blithsome o'er hill and thro' dale,
 Sweet echo delighted, the music resounds,
 And wafts it o'er mountain and dale :
 Mellow sounds the blithe horn in the morning so gay,
 And echo delighted, cries, hark, hark away.

Then haste away, 'tis the enliv'ning view, hollow,
 Sly Reynard breaks cover and flies ;
 The hounds, true to scent, his track quickly follow,
 And loud tally-ho's rend the skies.

Mellow sounds the blithe horn, &c.

Then leave to dull care all the sons of the day,
 Let them labour and toil while we follow
 The sweet swelling cry of the musical hound,
 And the voice of the huntsman's sweet hollow.
Mellow sounds the blithe horn, &c.

SONG.

SONG.

THE MILLER OF OXFORDSHIRE.

Sung by Mr. Dighton, at Sadler's-Wells.

AMILLER I am, ever heart-whole and free,
 And as just, thank my stars, as a Miller
 should be ;
 For while I dip my dish into each neighbour's fack,
 Like those better bred, I but live by my clack.

Lawyers, Doctors and Parsons, all follow my plan,
 When their clack sets a going they grind all they
 can ;
 But my work's the cleanest, for they grind in black,
 While I grind in white, by the dint of my clack.

When 'Squire in the Parliament-house takes a poft,
 Ding dong goes his clapper at somebody's coft ;
 If he gets into office, the cole he will fack,
 Just as I do my meal, by the help of my clack.

The gay folks of London may sneer if they will,
 And fet their fine wits at the thief in the mill ;
 But I'll do as I ought, if they'll shew me the knack,
 And let them, if they can, keep as honest a clack.

SONG.

SONG.

THE GIFT OF THE GODS.

WHEN freedom was banish'd from Greece
and from Rome,
And wander'd neglected in search of a home,
Jove, willing to fix her where long she might stand,
Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land:
With nice circumspection he view'd the whole ball,
And weigh'd in his balance the merit of all;
Then quickly determin'd, that England alone,
Was the spot well adapted for Liberty's throne.

Gay Momus insisted, no place was more fit
Than the island of Freedom for true attic wit;
And Venus confets'd, if 'twere pleasing to Jove,
She would wish to make England the empire of
Love :

Then Mars nobly stept from his mistress's side,
And swore that the Britons in arms should preside;
While Bacchus declar'd, that each heart cheering
juice
For the use of brave Englishmen he would produce.

To render complete all the blessings now past,
And provide that they might to eternity last,
'Twas resolv'd that a toast shoud that instant be
giv'n,
And drank in full bumpers of nectar thro' heav'n :
The toast of the gods was, and mark it, ye free,
" May Britons with Britons for ever agree!"
By their enemies then they shall always be fear'd,
And with wit, wine and women incessantly cheer'd.

SONG.

THE MERCHANTMAN.

Sung by Mr. Meadows, in Inkle and Yarico.

THE Achilles, tho' christen'd good ship, 'tis
furnis'd,
From that old man of war, great Achilles, so priz'd,
Was he like our vessel, pray, fairly baptiz'd.
Ti lol lol, &c.

Poets sung *that* Achilles—if now they've an itch,
To sing *this*, future ages may know which is which,
And that one rode in greece and the other in pitch.
Ti lol lol, &c.

What, tho' but a merchant ship, sure our supplies,
Now your men of wars gain in a lottery lies,
And how blank they all look when they can't get a
prize.
Ti lol lol, &c.

What are all their fine names, when no rhino's be-
hind?
The intrepid, and lion, look sheepish you'll find,
Whilft alas! the poor Æolus can't raise the wind.
Ti lol lol, &c.

Then the thunderer's dumb, out of time the Orpheus,
The Ceres has nothing at all to produce,
And the eagle, I warrant you looks like a goose.
Ti lol lol, &c.

But we merchant lads, tho' the foe we can't maul,
Nor are paid like fine King's ships to fight at a call,
Why we pay ourselves well without fighting at all.
Ti lol lol, &c.

SONG.

TIPPLE AND SMOKE.

WITH a pipe of Virginia how happy am I,
And good liquor to moisten my clay stand-
ing by,
I puff up the smoke and it curls round the room,
Like a Phoenix I seem in a nest of perfume.

Delighting,
Inviting,
Is a pipe, and a friend who is fond of a joke,
Then happy together we tipple and smoke.

How pleasant it is thus to puff time away,
And between ev'ry whiff chat the news of the day :
Tobacco, great Raleigh, we owe to thy name,
And ev'ry true smoaker will puff up thy fame!

Delighting,
Inviting,
Is a pipe, and a friend that is fond of a joke,
Then happy together we tipple and smoke.

When bus'ness is over, we puff away care,
Let ev'ry man else say the same if he dare ;
This plant, so delightful's a foe to the spleen,
As it glows in the pipe it enlivens the scene :

Delighting,
Inviting,
Is a pipe, and a friend that is fond of a joke,
Then happy together we tipple and smoke.

While thus in the fumes we're envelop'd around,
 Our heads are like hills which with clouds still are
 crown'd;
 Yet soon we emerge, and go cheerful away,
 For a pipe of the best makes us bright as the day:
 Delighting,
 Inviting,
 Is a pipe, and a friend who is fond of a joke,
 Then happy together we tipple and smoke.

S O N G.

FATHER CARE.

AS Wit, Joke, and Humour, together were fat,
 With liquor a plentiful stock ;
 Still varying the scene, with song and with chat,
 The Watchman bawl'd, " Past twelve o'clock."

At that hour, I've read, oft' spirits do come,
 And poor timid mortals affright ;
 Just then, in that instant, one enter'd the room,
 An ancient, pale fac'd, meagre sprite.

The phantom appear'd, and the candles burnt blue,
 Wit and Humour began then to stare ;
 Cries out Joke,—Look'e, friends, this is nothing
 new,
 Behold !—see 'tis only old Care.

I knew he would tell us, 'twas Time sent him here,
 And tell us 'twas time to be gone :
 But we'll tell him this, let him think what he dare,
 We'll finish him e're it be one.

They quickly agree, and about it they went,
 Resolving of Care to get free ;
 Wit mov'd it—and strait they all join'd in consent,
 To lay the ghost in the red sea.

Whole bumpers of Claret they quickly drank off,
 And favorite toasts they went round ;
 When Humour, well pleas'd, thus set up a laugh,
 Quoth he, how Care looks now he's drown'd.

When loud shooting began, huzza ! they all cry'd,
 We're rid of this troublesome guest ;
 Fill your bumper around, let this be your pride,
 To sing, laugh, and drink to the best.

Now their blood running high at a conquest so great,
 To singing and drinking they fix ;
 With the sun they arose, with spirits elate,
 And decently parted at six.

SONG

SONG.

OLD ENGLAND'S MY TOAST.

Sung by Mr. Vernon.

WHO thirsts for more knowledge is welcome
 to roam,
 He may seek a new climate that is wretched at
 home ;
 Who of pleasure or folly has not had his fill,
 May quit poor Old England whenever he will :
 But nothing shall tempt me to cross the salt main,
 For change I'm too steady, and rambling is pain.

Old England, brave boys, good enough is for me,
 Where my thoughts I can speak, where by birth-
 right I'm free ;
 Whatever I wish for now comes at my call,
 I can sport in the fields, or can roar in my hall ;
 My time is my own, I can do as I will,
 I have children that prattle, a wife that is still.

I feel that I'm happy, tho taxes run high,
 I want no exotics, so easy am I,
 I'm alive to my friends, and at peace with the dead,
 With party and state I ne'er trouble my head ;
 Contention I hate and a bumper love most,
 You'll pledge me I'm sure, for Old England's my
 toast.

SONG.

SONG.

MOLL THOMPSON'S MARK.

THREE is a cant saying has long been in use,
Applied to the foolish, the vain and profuse:
MT sounds empty, wrote a witty young spark,
Comes another and construes it Moll Thompson's
mark.

Derry down, &c.

As the mark of Moll Thompson, some meaning doth
bear,
Which *gents*, in appearance, too often do wear ;
Let's toss it about, for no harm do I see,
Can result from the freedom of using MT.

Derry down, &c.

The *prig*, in the city, with air debonair,
Apes his lordship in dress, and bawls out—a chair;
With object inferior he scorns to be free,
And his head, void of thought, bears the mark of MT

Derry down, &c.

The *Alderman* plac'd in his great chair of state,
To prove his sound wisdom old laws will relate ;
No man, o'er a haunch, acts so greatly as he,
But his belly excluded, the rest is MT.

Derry down, &c.

A cask that is empty affords the most sound,
So *Blades* fond of spouting in noise do abound;
Their answers must comic or tragical be,
They throw aside nature to wear mark of MT.

Derry down, &c.

The *Player* affected, so vain his desire,
For gold uses tinsel to grace his attire;
Tho' deck'd in appearance, aye gay as can be,
His pocket (sad fortune) wears mark of MT.

Derry down, &c.

Demurely the *Maiden* to Whitfield repairs,
With half crowns in plenty to pay for his prayers;
The Doctor delighted the specie to see,
Her pocket soon drains to the mark of MT.

Derry down, &c.

Since Moll Thompson's mark for discredit doth pass,
Come join in my toast and each man drink his glass;
May our heads and our pockets for ever be free,
From scandalous term of the mark of MT.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

THE BRUSH-MAKER.

I AM a young brush-maker launch'd into life,
And want to possess a choice thing call'd a wife;
Yet my efforts the women regard not a rush,
When I ask them the question, they all bid me
brush.

Derry down, &c.

I courted Clarinda, whose father makes candles,
Commending her hand while *long fixes* she handles;
Some freedoms I took, which provoking a blush,
She alarm'd the old man, and he forc'd me to *brush*.

Derry down, &c.

On Precilla the fair, I next made the attack,
When boasting of nose, and the strength of my back;
With hopes of success I began to be flush,
But she at that crisis refus'd me a *brush*.

Derry down, &c.

In this sad dilemma, what course could I steer,
The sex are so cruel, so coy, so severe;
I apply'd to young Kitty, who bade me be hush,
And said, to oblige me, she'd grant me a *brush*.

Derry down, &c.

I often repeat these sweet visits to Kate,
Who rejoices to see me both early and late;
The priest shall say grace, and we'll *brush it about*,
At morn, noon, and night 'til the brush is worn out.

Derry down. &c.

S O N G.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain,
Tho' bounteous heav'n has made him great?
Why look with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?

Can

Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair ;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or ease the brow of care.

The scepter'd king, the burthen'd slave,
The humble, and the haughty die ;
The rich, the poor, the base the brave,
In dust, without distinction lie :
Go, search the tombs where Monarch's rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more !

So flies the meteor through the skies
And spreads along a gilded train ;
When shot—'tis gone—its beauty dies—
Dissolves to common air again :
So 'tis with us my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
When Jove commands we must obey.

S O N G.

THE DUMB WIFE CURED.

THERE was a bonny blade, had marry'd a
country maid,
And safely conducted her home, home, home ;
She was neat in ev'ry part, she pleas'd him to the
heart,
But, ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She

She was bright as the day and brisk as the May,
 And was round and as plumb as a plumb, plumb,
 plumb ;
 But still the silly swain, could do nothing but com-
 plain,
 Because that his wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She could brew and she could bake, she could sew
 and she could make,
 She could sweep clean the house with a broom,
 broom, broom ;
 She could wash and she could wring, or do any kind
 of thing.
 But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

To the Doctor then he went, for to give himself
 content,
 And to cure his wife of the mum mum, mum ;
 Oh! 'tis the easiest part that belongs unto my art,
 To make a woman speak that is dumb, dumb,
 dumb.

Then the doctor he did bring, and he cut the chat-
 tering string,
 And at liberty set her tongue, tongue, tongue ;
 Oh! her tongue began to walk, which made her
 loud to talk,
 As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.

Her

Her faculty she tries, and she fill'd the house with
noise,

And she rattled in his ears like a drum, drum,
drum;

She bred a deal of strife, made him weary of his life,
He'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb,
dumb.

To the doctor then he goes, and thus he vents his
woes,

Oh doctor 'tis all a hum, hum, hum ;
For my wiffe is turn'd a scold, and her tongue she
will not hold,

I'd give any kind of thing she was dumb, dumb,
dumb.

When I did undertake to make thy wife to speak,
It was a thing that was easily done, done, done :
But 'tis past the art of man, let him do whate'er he
can,

To make a scolding wife hold her tongue, tongue,
tongue.

S O N G.

THE JOLLY TOPER.

A Bacchanalian.

I'M a hearty good fellow, a ruby nos'd sot,
Who never yet thought of treason or plot;
A bottle that's mellow is the chief of my cares,
And I guzzle each night 'till I'm carried up stairs.

On the tombs of the brave ones, the wealthy and
wise,

We are only informed that 'Under he lies ;'
'Tis a hint that I like not, a trumpery tale,
So I now drown the thoughts on't in flaggons of ale.

They may name me sot, blockhead, or e'en what
they will,

But if wealth, nor if riches, nor wisdom, nor skill,
Can their owners preserve from a church-yard, or
priest.

Why, I'll live as I like it, for methods a jest.

On the lessons of nature it is that I think,
For she taught me to love and she taught me to
drink ;

To my pleasures full power she taught me to give,
And I'll stick to her maxims as long as I live.

I've money good store on't, and spend it I must,
Be roaring and merry, but honest and just ;
That, cold in my coffin, my landlord may say,
He's gone and he's welcome, there's nothing to pay.

S. O N G.

JOLLY BACCHANALIAN.

DEAR Tom this brown jug that now foams
with mild ale,

(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)

Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old foul,

As e're drank a bottle or fathom'd a bowl ;

In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,

And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days, he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour as gay as you please;
 With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay;
 His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died, full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had dissolv'd it again;
 A potter found out, in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug:
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

S O N G.

NOTHING AT ALL.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, in the Strangers at Home.

YOUNG Roger, the ploughman, who wanted
 a mate,
 Went along with his daddy a courting to Kate ;
 With nosegay so large, in his holiday cloaths,
 (His hands in his pockets) away Roger goes !
 Now he was as bashful as bashful could be,
 And Kitty, poor girl, was as bashful as he ;
 So he bow'd, and he star'd, and he let his hat fall,
 Then he grinn'd, scratch'd his head, and said no-
 thing at all.

If awkward the swain, no less awkward the maid ;
 She simper'd and blush'd, with her apron string
 play'd ;

'Till the old folks impatient to have the thing
 done,

Agreed that young Roger and she should be one :
 In silence the young ones both nodded assent,
 Their hands being join'd, to be married they went ;
 Where they answer'd the Parson with voices so
 small,

You'd have sworn that they both had said nothing
 at all.

But mark what a change in the course of a week,
 Kate quite left of blushing—Hodge boldly could
 speak ;

Cou'd joke with his deary, laugh loud at the jest,
 She could coax too and fondle as well as the best :
 And ashame'd of past folly they've often declar'd,
 To encourage young folks who at courtship are
 scar'd—

If at first to your aid some assurance you'll call,
 When once you are us'd to't 'tis nothing at all.

S O N G.

MIRTH AND FROLIC.

Sung by Mr. King, in the Strangers at Home.

TH E ills of life in vain assail,
 I never yet would yield me ;
 Nor shall their malice e'er prevail,
 Whilst frolic mirth can shield me :

Like

Like Curs they snarl but dare not bite,
 I heed them not at all, fir ;
 But laugh at all their harmless spite,
 And still sing tol de rol lol, fir.

I ever scorn'd, with face of woe,
 Proud Dames to dangle after ;
 With smiles I bent young Cupid's bow,
 And tipt his shafts with laughter :
 Success still mark'd each merry dart,
 Black, fair, brown, short, or tall, fir ;
I conquer'd every female heart
 With tol de rol lol, de rol lol, fir.

Let first rate fingers stretch their throats,
 In fine falsetto squeaking,
 With new and strange unnatural notes,
 Applause from fashion seeking :
 The blockhead Connoisseurs among
 E'en let them trill and squall, fir ;
 Give me, my boys! a jolly song,
 That ends with tol de rol lol, fir.

In spite of Dons, so grave and wise,
 'Till o'er old Styx I ferry,
 I always shall most highly prize
 What ever's blithe and merry :
 May love and laughter ever be
 Attendant on my call, fir ;
 Here's what I've always lov'd, d'ye see,
 A glass to tol de rol lol, fir.

SONG.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung at Vauxhall.

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn calls away,
 Come the grave, come the gay ;
 Wake to music that wakens the skies,
 Quit the bondage of sloth and arise.

A I R.

From the east breaks the morn,
 See, the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath and the mountains so high.

The wild heath, &c.

Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
 The steeds neigh to the sound,
 And the floods and the valleys reply.

And the floods, &c.

Our fore-fathers so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the hart and the boar.

By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

And taught, &c.

D

Hence

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd.

Where the bosom, &c.

'Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man makes a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

Still let ours, &c.

With the chace in full fight,
Gods, how great the delight !
How our mortal sensations refine.

How our mortal, &c.

Where is care ? where is fear ?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine !

And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys,
Lo ! each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole.

That anon, &c.

Then at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

And renew, &c.

SONG.

THE KENNEL RAKER, OR GRUBBER.

THO' I sweep to and fro, old iron to find,
 Brass pins, rusty nails, they are all to my
 mind ;
 Yet I wear a sound heart true to great George our
 king,
 And tho' ragged and poor, with clear conscience
 can sing :

*Tho' I sweep to and fro, yet I'd have you to know,
 There are sweepers in high-life as well as in low.*

The statesman he sweeps in his coffers the blunt,
 That should pay the poor soldiers that honour do
 hunt ;
 The action, tho' dirty, he cares not a straw,
 So he gets but the ready the rabble may jaw.
I ho I sweep, &c.

I'm told that the parson, for I never go
 To hear a man preach, what he'll never stick to ;
 'Tis all for the sweepings he tips you the cant,
 You might pray by yourselves else, depend Sirs,
 upon't.

D 2

Tho' I sweep, &c.

One sweeps you from this life you cannot tell where,
And what place you go to the Doctor don't care,
So he brings in his bill, your long purses to broach,
Then he laughs in his sleeve as he rides in his coach.

The' I sweep, &c.

Your counsel may plead, but pray what is it for,
His eye's on your fob while he chatters the law;
Tongue-padding he rakes you and sweeps you quite
clear,
Of what's better than iron you need not to fear.

The' I sweep, &c.

But honesty's best in what station we are,
For the grand sweeper, Death, we can sooner pre-
pare;

Your statesmen, your parson, your physic and law,
When Death takes a sweep are no more than a chaw.

The' I sweep, &c.

S O N G.

LAUGH AND LAY DOWN.

WHILE others attempt heavy minutes to kill,
With Ombre, with Commerce, Piquet, or
Quadrille ;
For once let us sing an old game of renown,
The old British pastime of laugh and lay down.

*Hey down derry, ho down derry,
Hey down derry, hey ho, hey ho.*

This pastime, the fountain and source of all arts,
Is play'd by the force of mere natural parts ;
Its rules are so plain, from the plough take a clown,
And he'll match the best monarch at laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Old miserly wretches who starve in their rags,
To add to the weight of their ill-gotten bags ;
At night from their bags they will squeeze half a crown,

To sport with a damsel at laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Fat Aldermen too (tho' it pass all belief)
Forsake for this game even pudding and beef ;
Their senses in claret no longer they drown,
When spousey invites them to laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

This game to promote all professions agree,
The lawyers esteem it as good as a fee ;
The physical college with candour will own,
That nature's best cordial is laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Our reason as well as our sense it refines,
Or it ne'er would be practis'd by pious divines ;
Archbishops and priests (no disgrace to the gown)
To a man are all clever at laugh and lay down.

D 3 *Hey down derry, &c.*

The women of all things are fond of the sport,
From the ruddy milk-maid to the duchess at court;
Only play your cards well, and with black, fair and
brown,

You'll ne'er want a partner at laugh and lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Tho' prudes may with coyness object to this play,
'Tis the joy of their hearts, spite of all they can say;
Tho' they pish and cry fy, and refuse with a frown,
Do but push the thing home, and they'll laugh and
lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

Ye batchelors who to the game have regard,
This moral will teach you to play a sure card;
Take blooming young wives, bid adieu to the town,
And with them spend your ev'nings at laugh and
lay down.

Hey down derry, &c.

S O N G.

ALL IS A JOKE.

YE bucks and ye bloods who love tipling and
smoaking,
Who season each moment with laughing and joking;
A while be but silent, attend what is spoke,,
And I'll make it appear that the world is a joke.

*Sing tantararara, joke all, joke all,
Sing tantararara, joke all.*

The patriot so grave, from plain sir to his grace,
 For his country will bawl, 'till he gets a good place,
 Then he lays down the mask, and he throws off the
 cloak,

And proves what he said was, alas ! but in joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The gen'ral so brave would his post soon betray,
 If the foe would genteelly but double his pay ;
 No longer would venture with cannon and smoke,
 But resign and retire, and then laugh at the joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The lawyer, who pleads that your cause is quite
 good,
 Tho' he knows by himself it is not understood ;
 When he's drain'd all the fees that he can from
 your poke,
 Your cause is neglected, and all is a joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The physician so prim, with his cane and large wig,
 Who lols in his chariot, and looks very big ;
 When Death comes and gives you the finishing
 stroke,
 You'll find his prescriptions were all but a joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The next is old spin-text, reclamer of evil,
 Who says, for your sins you will go to the devil ;
 When out of the pulpit, he'll wench, drink, and
 smoke,
 And all will conclude, then his preaching's a joke.

D 4 *Sing tantararara, &c.*

The ladies so virtuous, so charming and pretty,
Who rail against lovers, and cast away pity ;
Such railing we know is no more than a cloak,
For the ladies were always all fond of a joke.

Sing tantararara, &c.

The flattering fop, and the tradesmen who cheat,
Will joke at each other when passing the street ;
Nay, he that can't joke, we a ninny should call,
So let us sing tantararara, joke all.

Sing tantararara, &c.

S O N G.

BACCHANALIAN JOYS DEFEATED.

WHILE I'm at the tavern quaffing,
Well dispos'd for t'other quart ;
Comes my wife to spoil my laughing,
Telling me 'tis time to part :
Words I knew were unavailing,
Yet I sternly answer'd, no ;
'Till from motives more prevailing,
Sitting down she treads my toe.

Such

Such kind tokens to my thinking,
 Most emphatically prove,
 That the joys that flow from drinking,
 Are averse to those of love !
 Farewel friends, and t'other bottle,
 Since I can no longer stay ;
 Love more learn'd than Aristotle,
 Has to move me found the way.

S O N G.

THE SEA FIGHT.

STAND to your guns my hearts of oak,
 Let not a word on board be spoke,
 Victory soon will crown the joke,
 Be silent and be ready :
 Ram home your guns and sponge them well,
 Let us be sure the balls will tell,
 The cannons roar shall sound their knell;
 Be steady, boys, be steady.

Nor yet, nor yet, reserve your fire
 I do desire : — Fire !
 Now the elements do rattle,
 The gods, amaz'd behold the battle,
 A broadside, my boys.

See the blood in purple tide,
Trickle down her batter'd side ;
Wing'd with fate the bullets fly,
Conquer, boys, or bravely die !
Hurl destruction on your foes,
She sinks—huzza !
To the bottom down she goes.

S O N G.

O THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG.

Sung in the Duenna.

O THE days when I was young,
When I laugh'd at fortune's spite,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night :
Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown ;
Half the malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

O the days, &c.

Truth they say lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could see ;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me :

For

For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask ;
 But still the honest truth I found,
 In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.

True, at length, my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey :
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire ;
 Still beneath thy ages frost,
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O the days, &c.

S O N G.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

W HEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main ;
 Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian Angels sung this strain—

*Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.*

The Nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall ;
Must, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
More, &c.

As the loud blast, the blast that rends the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down ;
All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown,

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
Thy cities, &c.

And thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The

The muses, still with freedom found,

Shall to thy happy coast repair:

Shall, &c.

Blest Isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties
crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair.

*Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.*

S O N G.

THE WANDERING SAILOR,

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

TH E wand'ring sailor ploughs the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
To find, at last, content and ease :
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native shore.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunders shake from pole to pole ;
'Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home :
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er
To anchor on his native shore.

When

When round the bowl, the jovial crew,
 The early scenes of youth renew ;
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast—
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.

SONG.

PLEASURE THROUGH LIFE,

Sung in Thomas and Sally.

WHEN I was a young one what girl was like
 me,
 So wanton, so airy, so brisk as a bee?
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where e'er
 A fiddle was heard, to be iure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
 'Twas this, Sir, and that, Sir, but scarce ever nay ;
 And, Sundays, dress'd out in my silk and my lace,
 I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !
 Well, rest him—we all are as good as we can ;
 Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone,
 Egad, I've a tongue, and I paid him his own ;
 Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is un-
 tow'rd,
 Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe,
 I'm not what I was forty summer's ago ;
 This Time a sore foe ! there's no shunning his dart,
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance,
 I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;
 And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
 I teach that to others I once did myself.

S O N G.

THE TAYLOR AND SEMPSTRESS.

Simile Simili gaudet.

ATAYLOR there was and he liv'd in a garret,
 Who ne'er in his days tafted Champaigne or
 Claret ;
 With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed,
 But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.

Derry down, &c.

His work he purſu'd without any repining,
When blesſ'd with a pint of *three-threads* for his
lining ;
'Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
With a Sempſtress's *bodkin* destroy'd his *quietus*.

Derry down, &c.

No longer a *birth-night* affords any pleasure,
His *patterns* lie scatter'd, in tatters his *measure* ;
His *bills* he contrives not with *items* to swell,
Silk, twist, tape, and buckram, he damns them to
hell.

Derry down, &c.

Cupid, pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
And help'd him to *fine-draw* the hole he had made;
And bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute,
Whoe'er finish'd without first beginning a *suit* ?

Derry down, &c.

He visits the Sempſtress with awkward address,
Protests on her kindness *bung* his happiness ;
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and wheedle,
For she, lack a day, was as sharp as a *needle*.

Derry down, &c.

He told her, on hon'able terms he was come,
And beg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom ;
Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
The Fate's shears would soon cut of the remnant of
life.

Derry down, &c.

Do you think, cry'd the Sempstress, I'll take for a spouse

One whom no one esteems *three skips of a louse?*

Advance in your favour whatever you can,

A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.

Derry down, &c.

The taylor proceeded with lying, entreating,
And making such speeches which scarce bear repeating;

A woman unmarry'd was useless he said,

Was just like a needle *without any thread.*

Derry down, &c.

When the priest should have tack'd them together,
he cry'd,

For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide;

Tho' turkies and capons he could not aspire,

She might always be sure of a *goose at the fire.*

Derry down, &c.

As she work'd he commended her fingers so nimble,
And swore that her eyes were more bright than her *thimble;*

Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,

That (I know not how 'twas) he *cabbag'd* her heart.

Derry down. &c.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went,
Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent;
None but death could the conjugal knot have unty'd,
For *cross-legg'd* together they sat till they dy'd.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

POOR PUFF.

A Lively young barber, an amorous spark,
 Miss Stitchwell, by moonlight, once met in
 the Park,
 Between whom *tete-a-tete* soon did begin,
 Young Puff much desiring to stick his *pole* in.

Derry down, &c.

Her eyes he first swore like *sharp razors* had shorn,
 His heart of its ease, which had made him forlorn;
 But thus she made answer, oh fie, Johnny, fie,
 Your *pole* I protest you shall ne'er stick in my—

Derry down, &c.

He then swore like *soap in hot water* he dwindled,
 For love had within his poor breast a flame kindled;
 He ne'er could be happy unless he could win her
 To let him *beat up nature's lather* within her.

Derry down, &c.

With smiling, and smirking, and wantonly leering,
 Said she, you young men are quite full of your
 jeering;
 With tongues smooth as hones, too, you'll flatter and
 lie,
 Thro' talking, tho' none shall beat *suds up* in my—

Derry down, &c.

Soon taking the hint, to a bench he strait led her,
Where he with her *linen* then partly o'erspread her,
And soon Mr. Puff, to end well this odd matter,
Pull'd out his *machine* and in haste let fly at her.

Derry down, &c.

She endur'd it with ease, tho' she made him the
puffer,
And say, he ne'er *lather'd* a beard that was tougher;
Yet as it had turn'd his *tool's edge*, she once more
Desir'd he would *set* it, and then *lather* o'er.

Derry down, &c.

T'effect which, his *soap-balls* she squeez'd, but in
vain,
He could not make *suds* in her *bason* again,
Which made her exclaim to poor Puff's great dis-
honour,
A *block-head* of wood might as well lie upon her.

Derry down, &c.

Says she, such a *trimmer* as you I ne'er felt,
Your *roll of pomatum* so quickly does melt,
Your *cistern* soon drain'd too, and *cock* therefore
useless,—
A *weaving-frame* I might as well have that's
juiceless.

Derry down, &c.

SONG.

SONG.

EVERY ONE'S LIKING,

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

WHEN kind friends expect a song,
 Something new and striking ;
 Surely he can ne'er be wrong,
 Who gives each his liking.

Patriots like to get a place,
 The Courtiers theirs to keep ;
 Country 'squires to drink and chase,
 And cits to eat and sleep.

Parsons like a Bishopric,
 Gamblers like to bubble ;
 Doctors like to see friends fick,
 Lawyers theirs in trouble.

Soldiers like both peace and pay,
 When fighting is no more ;
 Sailors like a road to stray,
 For gold to wash ashore.

Ruddy

Ruddy bullies like to bluster,
 Pale beaux to seem polite ;
 Train-band Captains like a muster,
 But neither like to fight.

Ladies like—a thousand things,
 But yet it were not well ;
 He who for his pleasure sings,
 Should all their likings tell.

S O N G.

TO BANISH LIFE'S TROUBLES.

TO banish life's troubles, the Grecian old Sage,
 Prest the fruit of the vintage oft into the bowl,
 Which made him forget all the care of old age ;
 It bloom'd in his face and made happy his soul :
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumper around,
 'Tis the liquor of life that each care can controul.

This jovial philosopher thought that the fun,
 Was thirsty, and often drank deep of the main ;
 That the planets would tipple away as they run,
 The earth wanted moisture and soak'd up the rain:
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumper around,
 'Tis the liquor of life and why should we refrain.

Its virtues are known both in war and in love,
 The hero and lover alike it makes bold ;
 Vexations in life's busy day 'twill remove,
 Delightful alike to the young and the old :
 While here we are found,
 Put the bumper around,
 That every ill may by wine be controul'd.

S O N G.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

THO' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing
 bowl,
 And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
 Such worship alas! has no charms for the soul,
 When softer devotion the senses invite.

To the arrow of fate or the canker of care,
 His potions oblivious a balm may bestow ;
 But to fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
 The death of reflection the care of all woe.

What soul that's possest of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone ?
 For a tear that bedews sensibility's shrine,
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

Each

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

Come then, rosy Bacchus and spread o'er my sight
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul;
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er, jolly God, from the banquet remove;
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
 That's mellow'd by Friendship and sweeten'd by
 Love.

S O N G.

THE CHOICE SPIRIT'S LOTTERY.

YE national schemer's awhile give me leave,
 A scheme I'll advance that shall no ways
 deceive ;
 No humbug I mean set on foot by the great,
 Tho' a lottery's my scheme—it is not of the state.

No—your tickets divide into shares,
 To plunder your pockets and heighten your cares ;
 No blanks to depress you come in my design,
 The wheel is good humour, the prize is good wine.

From

From a scheme such as this, what delight must ac-
crue,

To a people who always give Bacchus his due :
Choice god of the grape, by thy virtues inspir'd,
The cause I'll relate you so justly admir'd.

'Tis wine that gives freedom we always maintain ;
The slave fill'd with claret despises his chain ;
'Tis wine gives us wit, and ennobles the sense,
And aids fancy's flight as new spirits commence.

The hero aspires to conquests and arms,
The lover despises his mistress's charms ;
The preacher delivers his precepts so fine,
Replete with the pow'r-giving juice of the vine.

Then our lottery attend all who love brisk and fun,
You are sure of a prize for no more than a crown ;
Apollo and Bacchus here jointly agree
To take off the hip, and renew you with glee.

Let the vot'ry of Plutus, who values his pelf,
To be happy for once steal a crown for himself ;
Ye sons of the turf, leave your tricking and lies,
The whole course is a blank—here you're sure of a
prize.

Ye lovers, ye fops, or whoever may please,
Leave your fighing and cares, here you'll quickly
find ease :
Old and young, great and little, attend to my call,
This ev'ning we draw, fir, at Comus's-hall.

SONG.

THE MERRY FELLOW.

HE that will not merry be
 With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
 May he in Bridewell be shut up,
 And fast bound to a post.

CHORUS.

Let him be merry merry there,
 And we'll be merry merry here ;
 For who can know where we shall go
 To be merry another year?

He that will not merry be,
 And take his glass in course ;
 May he be obliged to drink small beer,
 With ne'er a penny in his purse.

Let him, &c.

He that will not merry be,
 With a company of jolly boys ;
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
 To confound him with her noise.

Let him, &c.

He that will not merry be
 With his mistress in his bed ;
 Let him be buried in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead.

E

Let him, &c.

THE

SAILOR'S

DESCRIPTION OF A HUNTING.

GOING to see my father the other day, he ax'd me to take a voyage a hunting with him ;—so, when the swabber had rigg'd the horses, they brought me one to stow myself on board of, that they told me was in such right and tight trim, she would go as fast upon any tack as a Folkstone Cutter ; so I got up aloft, and clapt myself athwart ship, this'n, and made as much way as the best on 'um—and to the windward of a gravel-pit we espied a hare at anchor ; so she weighed and bore away, and just as I had overtaken her, my horse came bump ashore upon a stone, the back stay broke, she pitch'd me over the forecastle, came keel upwards, and unshipp'd my shoulder, and damme if I ever set sail on a land privateering again.

SONG. *

SONG.

THE TOAST—A CATCH.

Written by Mr. Cunningham.

GIVE the toast, my good fellow, be jovial and gay,
 And let the brisk moments pass jocund away !
 Here's the King — take your bumpers, my brave British souls,
 Who guards your fair freedom should crown your full bowls :
 Let him live—long and happy—see Lewis brought down,
 And taste all the comforts, no cares, of a crown.

SONG.

FAL DE RAL TIT.

Sung by Mr. Edwin in Teague.

TWAS I learn'd a pretty song in France,
 And I brought it o'er the sea by chance,
 And when in Wapping I did dance,
 Oh! the like was never seen :
 For I made the music loud for to play,
 All for to pass the dull hours away,
 And when I had nothing left for to say,
 Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

As I was walking down Thames-street,
 A ship-mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
 And I was resolv'd him for to treat,

With a cann of grog, gillio!

A cann of grog they brought us straight,
 All for to pleasure my ship-mate,
 And satisfaction gave him straight,

Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

The maccaronies next came in,
 All dres'd so neat and look'd so trim,

And thinking for to strike me dumb :

Some was short and some was tall,

But 'tis very well known that I bang'd them all,
 For I dous'd their heads against the wall,

Then I sung tal de ral tit, &c.

The landlord then aloud did say,
 As how he wish'd I'd go away,
 And if I attempted for to stlay,

As how he'd take the law :

Lord d—me, says I, you may do your worst,
 For I have scarcely quench'd my thirst ;

All this I said and nothing worse,

Then I sung fal de ral tit, &c.

It's when I've cross'd the raging main,
 And be come back to Old England again,

Of grog I'll drink galore ;

With a pretty girl to sit by my side,
 And for her costly robes I'll provide,

So that she shall be satisfied,

Then I'll sing fal de ral tit, &c.

SONG

S O N G.

THE REPRISALS.

COME rouse, brother Tars, hark! the seamen
all cry,
We're order'd to fight, let us conquer or die;
The trumpet's bold notes, and the cannon's loud
roar,
Will chide the dull landsmen, for king'ring on
shore.

Revenge has just sent us a prosperous gale,
Directs all our thunders and fills every sail;
She soon will assure us we arm not in vain,
And make us all rich by the spoils of the main.

Leave, leave, my brave messmates, the smiles of the
fair,
'Tis George that demands all the heart you can
spare;
Then tell them that love must to glory give place,
Soon beauty shall welcome the conqu'ror's embrace.

To fame, jovial hunters, your sports ye must yield,
Here glory awaits you on ocean's wide field;
We've an excellent chace, nobler game we've in
view,
'Tis Frenchmen that fly, while we Britons pursue.

Look yonder! look yonder! Monsieur is in sight,
 Let's haste to bear down, and prepare for the fight;
 But coward like Frenchmen ne'er wait for the
 blow,

'They, failing of speed, humbly strike to their foe.

Like sons of Old England, once more we resume
 The humbling their flags, to our high riding
 broom:

Thy fleets, haughty Louis, have given us our cue,
 And pleas'd, thus we make the reprisals long due.

S O N^G.

THE MERRY SAILOR.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery main;
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But chearfully spends all his gain:
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true,
 And would not commit a base action,
 For power and profit in view.

C H O R U S.

Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys?
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
 Goes through the world my brave boys.

The

The world is a beautiful garden.

Enrich'd with the blessings of life ;

The toiler with plenty rewarding,

But plenty too often breeds strife :

When terrible tempests assail us,

And mountainous billows affright,

No grandeur or wealth can avail us,

But skilful industry steers right.

Then why, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,

Who rules at the helm of the state ;

Than we, who to politics strangers,

Escape the snares laid for the great :

The numerous blessings of nature,

In various nations we try ;

No mortals on earth can be greater,

Who merrily live till we die.

Then why, &c.

S O N G.

RUDDY AURORA.

Sung by Miss Martyr.

WHEN ruddy Aurora awakens the day,
And dew drops impearl the sweet flowers so
gay,
Sound, sound, my stout archers. sound horns and
away,
With arrows sharp pointed we go,
With arrows sharp pointed we go ;

See Sol now arises in splendor so bright,
 IO Pæan for Phœbus who leads to delight,
 AM glorious illumin'd now rises to sight :
 'Tis he, boys, is god of the bow.
 'Tis he, boys, is god of the bow.

Fresh roses we'll offer to Venus's shrine,
 Libations we'll pour to great Bacchus divine,
 While mirth, love and pleasure in junction combine,
 For archers, true sons of the same,
 For, &c.

Bid sorrow adieu, in soft numbers we'll sing,
 Love, friendship, and beauty, shall make the air
 ring,
 Wishing health and success to our country and kings;
 Encrease to their honour and fame.
 Encrease, &c.

S O N G.

CAROLINE OF GOSPORT.

TWAS at the break of day, we spied
 The signal to unmoor ;
 Which sleepless Caroline descry'd,
 (Sweet maid) from Gosport's shore :
 The fresh'ning gale at length arose,
 Her heart began to swell ;
 Nor could cold fear the thought oppose,
 Of bidding me farewell.

In

In open boat, the maid of worth,
 Soon reach'd our vessel's fide ;
 Soon, too, she found her William's birth,
 But 'sought me, not to chid.
 Go, she exclaim'd, for fame's a cause,
 A female should approve ;
 For who that's true to honour's cause,
 Is ever false to love ?

Should conquest in fair form array'd,
 Thy loyal efforts crown ;
 In Gosport will be found a maid,
 That lives for thee alone :
 May girls with hearts so firm and true,
 To love and glory's cause ;
 Meet the reward they have in view,
 The meed of free applause.

SONG.

O SAY BONNY LASS.

Sung by Mrs. Martyr.

H.E.

O SAY bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack,
 And marry a soldier and carry his wallet ;
 Oh say, would you leave beith your mither and
 daddy,
 And follow the camp with your soldier laddie.

E 5

SHE.

O yes, bonny lad, I could lie in a barrack,
 And marry a soldier and carry his wallet ;
 I'll neither ask leave of my mither or daddy,
 But follow the camp with my soldier laddie.

HE.

O say, bonny lass, will you go a campaigning,
 Endure all the hardships of battle and famine ?
 When wounded and bleeding then wouldest thou
 draw near me,
 And kindly support and quietly cheer me.

SHE.

O yes, I will go thro' these hardships you mention,
 And twenty times more if you have the invention ;
 Neither danger, nor famine, nor battles alarm me,
 My soldier is near me and nothing can harm me.

SONG.

THE TRUMP OF FAME.

THE trump of fame your name has breath'd,
 Its praise is sounded far and near ;
 Stout little John with laurel wreath'd,
 Has reach'd each dame and damsel's ear :

But

But it is not you, bold Robin Hood,
 I come to seek with bended bow ;
 'Tis him I'd meet by holy rood,
 To conquer with my oh, ho, ho.

Through frost and snow,
 Though cold winds blow ;
 I never fail,
 In rain or hail,
 Though thunders roll,
 From pole to pole ;
 To conquer with my ho, ho, ho.

With bended bow,
 The buck or doe ;
 I never fail,
 Through rain or hail ;
 Though thunders roll,
 From pole to pole ;
 To conquer with my ho, ho, ho.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

For a Water Party.

LIFE's like a ship in constant motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low ;
 Where every one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever winds may blow :

E 6

If unassail'd by squall or shower,
 Wafted by the gentle gales ;
 Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
 While success attends our sails.

Or if the wayward winds should bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear ;
 But let us all our patience muster,
 And learn, from reason, how to steer :
 Let judgment keep you ever steady,
 'Tis a ballast never fails ;
 Should danger rise, be ever ready,
 To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
 While your vessel's under way ;
 Let good example bear dominion,
 That's a compass will not stray :
 When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
 Or Boreas on the surface rails ;
 Let good discretion guide the rudder,
 And providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding,
 In some welcome Port or Bay ;
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 And care awhile enslumber'd lay :
 Or when each cann's with liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails,
 Let each heart with rapture glowing,
 Drink success unto our sails.

SONG.

TIME AND CARE.

Sung by Mr. Dighton.

GAY Bacchus one evening inviting his friends,
 To partake of a generous flask ;
 To each social being a message he sends,
 To meet at the head of his cask :
 The guests all appear'd at his place of address,
 The witty, the grave and the bold ;
 Our circle surpass'd all that fancy can guess,
 Of Arthur's round table of old.

In the midst of our merriment who do you think,
 Unsuspected had seated him there,
 But one Care, in disguise, who tipt us the wink,
 And warn'd us of Time to beware :
 Who in spite of his age, or the weight of his years,
 We should find but a slippery blade ;
 Is known by the lock on his forehead he wears,
 And carries the sign of his trade.

We gratefully ply'd him with bottle and pot,
 Which fill'd up his wrinkles apace ;
 The Cynic grew blithe and his precepts forgot,
 And soon fell asleep in his place :
 Regardless of Time, then we threw off restraint,
 Nor fear'd we to wake the old spark ;
 Our songs were select and our stories were quaint,
 And each was as gay as a lark.

When

When all on a sudden so awful and tall,
 One appear'd who spoil'd a good song ;
 Father Time moving round by the side of the wall,
 Behind us fly stealing along :
 We rose to his rev'rence and offer'd a chair,
 He said for no man he would stay ;
 Then Bacchus upstarted and snatch'd at his hair,
 And swore all the score he should pay.

But Time well aware of the god of the grape,
 Evaded his efforts and flew ;
 We seiz'd on his glass e'er he made his escape,
 And instantly broke it in two :
 Then we fill'd each with wine instead of the sand,
 And drank double toasts to the fair :
 Each member in turn with a glass in each hand,
 Then parted and went home with Care.

S O N G .

ROGER AND MOLLY.

YOUNG Roger he went t'other day to the wake,
 For some hucklemebuff or a gingerbread cake ;
 Oh he was joyous and buxom and jolly,
 When on the gay green he discover'd his Molly.

Young Molly came tripping it over the green,
 As fine as a horse or a gingerbread queen :
 Young Roger stept to her and made a low bow,
 And he look'd if so be as he could not tell how.

With

With that they began without any pother,
 Of talking of this, and of that, and of t'other ;
 And tho' she would pish, and would cry let me go,
 Yet he kiss'd her likewise and he squeez'd her also.

To all the young youths of whatsoever parish,
 Who loves any thing that is fineish and rarish ;
 Be joyous, be jovial, be buxom and jolly,
 Sing Molly and Roger, and Roger and Molly.

SONG.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

WHEN my money was gone that I gain'd in
 the wars,
 And the world 'gan to frown on my fate ;
 What matter'd my zeal or my honored scars,
 When indifference stood at each gate.

The face that would smile when my purse was well
 lin'd,
 Shew'd a different aspect to me ;
 And when I could nought but ingratitude find,
 I hi'd once again to the sea.

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
 Or to bear with cold looks on the shore ;
 So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
 And a trifle alas! was my store.

A

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw ;
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.

The sea was less troubled by far than my mind,
For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And fortune a slippery jade.

And I vow'd if once more I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see ;
That the turbulent winds and the billows could shew,
More kindness than they did to me.

S O N G.

THE CHARIOT OF DAY.

A HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. King.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the horns and the hounds call each sportsman away,
Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed how they bound,
While health, rosy health, is in exercise found :

C H O R U S.

Hark away, hark away, hark away is the word to
the sound of the horn,
And echo, blithe echo, and echo, blithe echo, makes
jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While puss flies the covert and dogs quick pursue ;
Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,
While the loud opening pack pursue her amain.

Hark away, &c.

At length puss is caught and lies panting for breath,
And the shout of the huntsman's the signal for death;
No joys can delight like the sports of the field,
To hunting all pleasure and pastime must yield.

S O N G.

THE TARTAN PLAIDDIE.

Sung by Miss Leary.

B Y moonlight on the green,
Where lads and lasses stray ;
How sweet the blossom'd bean,
How sweet the new made hay :
But not to me so sweet,
The blossoms on the thorn ;
As when my lad I meet,
More fresh than May-day morn.

C H O R U S.

Give me the lad so blithe and gay,
 Give me the Tartan pladdie ;
 For spite of all the wife can say,
 I'll wed my highland laddie :
 My bonny highland laddie,
 My bonny highland laddie ;
 My bonny, bonny, bonny, bonny,
 Bonny highland laddie.

His skin's as white as snow,
 His e'en are bonny blue ;
 Like rose buds sweet his mow,
 When wet with morning dew :
 Young Will is rich and great,
 And fain wou'd call me his ;
 But what is pride or state,
 Without love's smiling bliss.

Give me the lad, &c.

When first he talk'd of love,
 He look'd so blithe and gay ;
 His flame I did approve,
 And could na say him nay :
 Then to the kirk I'll haste,
 There prove my love and truth ;
 Reward a love so chaste,
 And wed the constant Youth.

Give me the lad, &c.

SONG.

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SONG.

LAUGHING SONG.

Sung by Miss Poole.

WHEN Strephon appears how my heart pit-a-pat,

Shows the tender emotions with which it is seiz'd:
To the shepherd's bewitching gay innocent chat,
I could listen for ever, oh dear I'm so pleas'd.

Tho' my grandmother frowns and protests I'm too young,

With the lessons of Cupid so soon to be teaz'd ;
But so sweet is the honey that falls from his tongue,
That I laugh at my Grannum, oh dear I'm so
pleas'd.

Shou'd he ask me to wed, as he hinted to day,
When my hand he so soft and so tenderly squeez'd;
He's so pretty a swain that I can't say him nay,
I'm resolv'd to be married, oh dear I'm so pleas'd.

SONG.

NEGLECTED SOLDIER.

I Sing the British soldier's praise,
A theme renown'd in story,
It well deserves more polish'd lays,
Oh 'tis your boast and glory :

When

When thund'ring Mars spreads war around,
 By them you are protected :
 But when in peace the nation's found,
 Poor souls they are neglected !
 But oh, stretch forth your aiding hand,
 In token of their merit ;
 Then boldly they'll march o'er the land,
 And shew a grateful spirit.

For you, the musket first he takes,
 That you may rest in quiet ;
 His wife and children he forsakes,
 To shift for cloaths and diet :
 He's sudden call'd, he knows not where,
 Nor knows he shall return
 To those he left in deep despair,
 Whose hearts for him yet burn :
 But oh, stretch forth your bounteous hand,
 In justice to their merit ;
 Then cheerful they'll march through the land,
 And shew a grateful spirit.

For you, through many a tedious road,
 He goes without complaining ;
 From scorching heat he seeks abode,
 Sometimes, without obtaining :
 By thirst and hunger oft' he's prest,
 Yet scorns to droop his head ;
 Ambition firm within his breast,
 He substitutes as bread :

Then oh, stretch forth your gen'rous hand,
 In justice to his merit;
 How cheerful he'll march through the land,
 And bless your gen'rous spirit.

For you through fields of blood they'll seek
 Your foes, of every nation;
 'Tis there bold actions loudly speak,
 Their worth in every station:
 Firm as a flinty wall they'll stand,
 Observing strict decorum,
 Until their leader gives command,
 To beat down all before 'em:
 Then oh, stretch forth the assisting hand,
 In justice to their merit;
 When they return into their land,
 They'll bless your noble spirit.

Well, now they've thrash'd the foe, we'll say,
 Did all within their power;
 But little more than blows have they,
 And one farthing an hour:
 Little within the Frenchman's fob,
 To recompense their labours;
 Why then it proves a sorry jobb,
 Little better than their neighbours!
 Then oh, stretch forth the lib'ral hand,
 In justice to their merit:
 So shall they bless their happy land,
 The land of god-like spirit.

SONG.

SONG.

THE JOVIAL TOPER.

COME, cheer up your hearts, and call for your
quarts,

And let their no liquor be lacking ;
We have money in store, and intend for to roar,
Until we have sent it all packing :
Then drawer, make haste, and let no time waste,
But give ev'ry man his due ;
T'avoid all trouble, go fill the pot double,
Since he that made one made two.

Come drink, my hearts, drink, and call for your
wine,

'Tis that makes a man to speak truly ;
What sot can refrain, or daily complain,
That he in his drink is unruly ?
Then drink and be civil, intending no evil,
If that you'll be ruled by me ;
For claret and sack we never will lack,
Since he that made two made three.

The old curmudgeon fits all the day drudging
At home with brown-bread and small beer ;
With scraping damn'd pelf, he starveth himself,
Scarce eats a good meal in a year :
But we'll not do so, howe'er the world go,
Since that we have money in store ;
For claret and sack we never will lack,
Since he that made three made four.

Come

Come drink, my hearts, drink, and call for your
wine,

Do you think that I'll leave you i'the lurch ?

My reckoning I'll pay e're I go away,

Or hang me as high as Paul's Church :

Tho' some men will say, this is not the way

For us, in this world, to thrive;

'Tis no matter for that, let's have t'other quart,

Since he that made four made five.

A pox of old Charon, his brains are all barren,

His liquor (like coffee) is dry ;

But we are for wine, 'tis drink more divine,

Without it we perish and die :

Then troll it about, until 'tis all out,

We'll affront him in spite of his Styx ;

If he grudges his ferry, we'll drink and be merry,

Since he that made five made six.

But now the time's come that we all must go home,

Our liquor's all gone that's for certain ;

Which makes us repine, that a god so divine,

Won't give us one cup at our parting :

But since 'tis all paid, let's not be dismay'd,

But fly to great Bacchus in heaven ;

And chide him because he made no better laws,

Since he that made six made seven.

SONG.

SONG.

JACK RATLIN.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

JACK Ratlin was the ablest seaman,
 None like him could hand, reef and steer ;
 No dang'rous toil but he'd encounter,
 With skill and in contempt of fear :
 In fight, a lion—the battle ended
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove ;
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
 Yet did he fight and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
 For none of these had jack's regard ;
 He while his messmates were carousing,
 High sitting on the pending yard,
 Would think upon his fair one's beauties,
 Swear never from such charms to rove ;
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And dying sigh to end his love.

The same exp'res the crew commanded,
 Once more to view their native land ;
 Among the rest brought Jack some tidings,
 Wou'd it had been his love's fair hand :
 Oh fate!—her death defac'd the letter,
 Instant his pulse forgot to move,
 With quivering lips and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh and dy'd for love.

SONG.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

NO W we mighty men of London,
Crow'd around the festive board ;
All our coats and waistcoats undone,
To receive the sumptuous hoard :
Now the napkin to the chin is
Tuck'd with more than wonted glee ;
Nor can Bankers count their guineas,
Faster than our mouths fill we.

Chorus.—*Now we men, &c.*

When three pounds are fairly swallow'd,
By each, more than greedy paunch,
Still the venison's name is hallow'd,
Still we doat upon the haunch :
Now the dainty slice of fat, is
Put upon the load of lean ;
While the waiters wonder what 'tis
That such mighty eaters mean.

Now we, &c.

Now the pies and custards tempt us,
Now the codling tarts, and cream ;
Nor shall night itself exempt us,
For of eating still we dream :
Haply, he that lives the week out,
May his eating plan renew ;
And another year may seek out
Proofs that what we say is true.

Now we, &c.
SONG.

SONG.

THE LAD FOR ME.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

KILKENNY is a handsome place
 As any town in Shamrockshire ;
 There first I saw my Jemmy's face,
 There Jemmy first beheld his dear :
 My love he was a bashful boy,
 And I a simple girl to see ;
 Yet I was Jemmy's only joy,
 And Jemmy was the lad for me.

But Dublin city bore the hell,
 In streets, and squares, and houses fine,
 Oh ! there young Dick his love would tell,
 And there I told young Dickey mine :
 For Dick he was a roving blade,
 And I was hearty, wild and free ;
 He lov'd, and I his love repaid,
 Then Dickey was the lad for me.

When Dover strand, my happy lot,
 And William there my love did crown ;
 Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,
 Kilkenny fair, and Dublin town :
 For William was a gentle youth,
 Too bashful, nor too bold was he ;
 He said he lov'd, and told me truth,
 And William was the lad for me.

SONG

SONG.

Sung in Midas.

AH happy hours, how fleeting,
Ye danc'd on down away ;
When, my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay.

But from her charms when sunder'd,
As Midas' frowns presage ;
Each hour will seem an hundred,
Each day appear an age.

SONG.

*THE SENTIMENT SONG.**Tune—Sing Tantararara Toast all.*

DINNER o'er and grace said, we'll for bus'nss
prepare,
Arrang'd right and left in support of the chair,
We'll chorus our songs as the circling toast passes,
And manage our bumpers as musical glasses.

Sing Tantararara, Toast all.

To your lips, my convivials, the Burgundy lift,
May we never want courage when put to a shift ! —
Here's what tars dislike, and what ladies like best,
What's that ? — you may answer, why 'tis to be prest.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

Ye fowlers, who eager at partridges aim,
Don't mark the maim'd covey, but mind better
game ;

'Tis beauty's the sport to repay sportsmens trouble,
And there may our pointers stand stiff in the stubble.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

To game we give laws, and game laws we have
skill in—

Here's Love's laws, and they who love's laws are ful-
filling :

But never may damsels demur to the sport;
Nor we suffer non-juits when call'd into court.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

As the Indians are warring, our game we must flush,
On our breasts, as we lie, we present thro' a bush—
Here's the nest in the bush, and the bird nesting lover,
Here's Middlesex bush fighting—rest and recover.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

Asthmatical gluttons exist but to eat,
They purchase repletions at each turtle treat ;
Love's feast boasts a flavour unknown to made dishes,
Here's life's dainty, dress'd with the sweet sauce of
kisses.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

Fair befall every lass, fair may fine ladies fall,
No colour I'll fix on, but drink to them all : —
The black, the brunette, and the golden lock'd
dame—

The lock of all locks and unlocking the same.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

More

More upright fore-knowledge that lock is commanding,
Than all other locks, aye, or *Locke's Understanding*;
That lock has the *casket* of *Cupid* within it,
So, here's to the *key*, lads—the critical minute.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

Lads pour out libations from bottles and bowls
The mother of All-Saints, is drank by *All-Souls*—
Here's the *down-bed* of *beauty* which upraises man,
And beneath the *thatch'd*-house the miraculous cann.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

The Dock-yard that furnishes Great-Britain's fleet,
The Book-binder's wives manufact'ring in sheets;
The brown-female reaper, who dares undertake her?
And the wife of Will. Wattle, the neat basket-maker.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

Here's Bathsheba's cockpit, where David stood entry,
Eve's custom-house, where Adam made the first entry;
The pleasant plac'd water fall, 'midst Bushy park,
The nick makes the tail stand the farrier's wife's mark.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

That the hungry be fill'd with rich things let us say.
And well pleased the rich be sent emp'ly away:
The miller's wife's music—the lass that's lamb-like,
And fence of the farmer on the top of love's dyke.

Sing Tantararara, &c.

But why from this round about phrase must be
gues'd,
What in one single syllable's better express'd ?
That syllable then I my sentiment call,
So here's to that word, which is, *one word for all.*

Sing Tantararara, &c.

S O N G.

FATHER PAUL.

L E T grave Divines preach up dull rules,
And moral wit refine :
The precepts taught in Roman schools,
We friars here define.

C H O R U S.

Here's a health to father Paul,
For flowing bowls
Inspire the souls
Of jolly friars all.

When in the convent we are met,
We laugh, we joke, we sing ;
All worldly cares we there forget,
For father Paul's our king.

Here's a Health, &c.

No

No absolution we will give,
Ye blue ey'd nuns, so fair;
No benediction here receive,
But banish all your care.

Here's a Health, &c.

With beads and crots, not held divine,
We pray with fervent zeal
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,
Who does each joy reveal.

Here's a Health, &c.

May ev'ry friar please his nun,
Each nun her friar please;
And each alike enjoy their fun
With freedom and with ease.

Here's a Health, &c.

Then fill your bumpers, sons of mirth,
Let friars be the toast;
Long may they all exist on earth,
And nuns their orders boast.

Here's a Health, &c.

S O N G.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

YE lads and ye lasses so buxom and clever,
Who come from Hibernia, of famous renown;
Put on your best bibs and be coming together,
So neatly yourselves all adorning.

The music shall be sweetly playing,
 Each shall be dancing, and skipping around ;
 Green shamrock shall shine, sir,
 To make us all fine, sir ;
 Salt fish and potatoes
 Shall sincock, my dear creatures,
 And nothing be wanting that there can be found ;
 Full bumpers of whiskey,
 Will make us all friskey
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning.

St. Patrick he was of vast estimation,
 And liv'd a great while, sir, before he was dead ;
 He frighten'd the bug-a-bos out of the nation,
 So none of your sneering and scorning ;
 For many things he did most truly,
 All as clever as clever could be ;
 He banish'd the bugs, sir,
 From blankets and rugs, sir,
 Ah! hub a boo, sir,
 What more could he do, sir ?
 Whatever he said, sir, the blind could not see :
 With heart like shelaly,
 Then let us be gaily
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning.

There's Phelim O'Fagan and ruddy-fac'd Paddy,
 With many tall fellows to make up the wake ;
 Miss Blarney will dance with her mammy and daddy
 And play till the evening's returning :
 With mirth and music, dance and caper,
 While each pretty Miss, sir,
 We'll smuggle and kiss, sir,

And

And pull 'em and haul 'em,
 And tenderly maul 'em,
 Arrah, who in the world are so merry as we?
 All this to begin, sir,
 We think it no sin, sir,
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning.

SONG.

THE WISH.

LE T others sing of flames and darts,
 And all love's lull-a-by ;
 Of crying eyes and cracking hearts,
 The deuce a bit will I :
 If you are willing, I'm so too,
 If not, why there's no more to do.

Fa la la, &c.

Should you expect in sorrow's guise,
 I'll wear a woful face ;
 Such maudlin mumm'ry I despise,
 Mine is no love-sick case :
 'Tis but my whim, e'en make it thine,
 Then whim to whim, and your's to mine.

Fa la la, &c.

Or, if you think, in golden rain,
 Like Jove, I'll pave my way ;
 Such expectations are but vain,
 I've only this to say !
 You've somethin that I wold be at,
 I've something too—so tit for tat.

F 5

Fa la la, &c.

Your taste, your talk, I may admire,
 And praise, with truth, your face ;
 Your spark'ling eyes, that speak desire,
 And give expression grace :
 Yet there's a — but I'll not be bold,
 Nor say, That's better took than told.

Fa la la, &c.

Well kens the lass that I would win,
 And well I ken the road ;
 He that is out would fain be in,
 A patriot a-la-mode :—
 As you're my sov'reign, grant me grace,
 I only ask a little place.

Fa la la, &c.

Least said, they say, is mended soon—
 With you I'll not dispute ;
 Ill tastes the long requested boon,
 'Tis sweet, when short's the suit :
 Then grant, with grace, the gift I sue,
 And let me, without grace fall too.

Fa la la, &c.

S O N G.

SPANISH DOUBLOONS.

NOW away, my brave boys, hoist the flag,
 beat the drum,
 Let the streamers wave over the main ;
 When Old England, she calls, she merrily calls,
 Come, she can't call a sailor in vain :

Already

Already we seem an Armada to chace,
 Already behold the galleons ;
 Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
 And return with a load of Doubloons.

Then farewell, for a time, lovely sweethearts, dear wives,

Nancy, fear not the fate of True Blue ;
 Though we leave you, and merrily venture our lives,
 To our doxies we'll ever prove true :
 With spirit we go an Armada to chace,
 With rapture behold the galleons ;
 Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
 And return with a load of Doubloons.

S O N G.

THE BUSY CREW.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

THE busy crew the sails unbending,
 The ship in harbour safe arriv'd ;
 Jack Oakum all his perils ending,
 Had made the Port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging no one dare attack it,
 Tight 'fore and aft, above, below ;
 Long-quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
 With trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,
 He flew like lightning to the side ;
 Scarce had he been a boat's length rowing,
 Before his Kitty he esp'y'd.

A flowing pendant gaily flutter'd,
 From her neat-made hat of straw ;
 Red were her cheeks when first she utter'd,
 It was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,
 While secure from all alarms :
 Swift as a ball from a nine-pounder,
 They dart into each others arms.

SONG.

TIMOTHY.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

AS I was a walking one morning in May,
 I heard a young damsel to figh and to say,
 My true-love has left me 'twas but yesterday,
 He took his leave of me, and so went his way :
 The very next time that I did him see,
 He vow'd to be constant, be constant to me :
 I ask'd him his name, and he made this reply,
 'Tis T—I—M—O—T—H—Y.

My

My father's possess'd of nine hundred a year,
 And I am his daughter and his oniy heir ;
 Not a farthing of fortune he'll give me I fear,
 If I marry with Y—O—U my dear :
 Says he, if you'll wed me pray tell me your mind,
 A husband I'li make you both loving and kind ;
 And now to the Church, my dear, let us repair,
 Ne'er mind your F—A—T—H—E—R.

They went to the Church and were married, they say,
 And went to the father the very same day,
 Saying, honored father, we tell unto thee,
 That we are M—A—R—R—I—E—D :
 With that the old Codger began for to stare,
 You've married my daughter and my only heir,
 But since it is so,—to it I comply,
 With T—I—M—O—T—H—Y.

S O N G .

THE VIRTUE OF WINE.

BETTER our heads than hearts should ache,
 Love's childish empire we despise ;
 Good wine of him a slave can make,
 And force a lover to be wise.

Wine sweetens all the cares of peace,
 And takes the terror off from war :
 To love's affliction it gives ease,
 And to our joys does best prepare.

Better

Better out heads than hearts should ache,
 Love's childish empire we despise:
 Good wine of him a slave can make,
 And force a lover to be wise.

S O N G.

BACCHUS'S BOAST.

WHEN Bacchus, the patron of love, wit, and mirth,
 With vineyards had planted the face of the earth;
 Tho' nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his sway,
 Come, drunk with his bounty, deny'd to obey.

Derry down, &c.

He harness'd his tygers, he marshall'd his force,
 Silenus was butler, Lord Pan led the horse:
 The Ganges they pass'd, came in sight of the foe,
 And struck them all dead without striking a blow.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas Pan did thefeat, put their troops in a fright,
 For he slyly stole into their camp over night;
 And while they were sleeping, not dreaming such matter,
 He drew off their wine, fill'd their flasks up with water.

Derry down, &c.

Next morn when they 'woke, and their bottles pull'd
out,

The first gulp they took put them all to the rout ;
They trembled from monarch to the meanest me-
chanic,
From whence comes the phrase, 'to put men in a
panic.

Derry down, &c.

Ye heroes of Europe, whose martial parade
Attracts the soft sense of each dress-tempted maid ;
Well judge of this scheme, and impartial declare,
Could you with mere water, march fearless to war ?

Derry down, &c.

The buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,
As much by his drinking as fighting got fame ;
He was sure of the victory, lads, you must think,
Who drank but to conquer, and conquer'd to drink.

Derry down, &c.

By foul pale-fac'd villains, who only drank water,
Great Cæsar was dragg'd to the senate-house
slaughter :
Had they drank what they ought, they'd have dropt
their design,
And no more spilt his blood, than we bucks spill our
wine.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis by maxims more noble we nourish our youth,
Kept constant to claret, they're constant to truth :
On the virtues of wine we may safely depend,
He who sticks to his bottle will stick to his friend.

Derry down, &c.

‘Tis wine (like the Sun) that invig’rates our hours,
 Wine blooms our complexion, as Sol blooms the
 flow’rs :
 And as birds grateful sing when he spreads his bright
 rays,
 So we bucks, in full chorus, chaunt bright claret’s
 praise.

Derry down, &c.

Each rose, when the sun’s from his hemisphere fled,
 Shuts his leaves, dewy weeps, and hangs heavy his
 head :
 When his wine’s gone, each buck thus sad will be-
 come,
 Folds his arms, gives a sigh, hides his head, and
 skulks home.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

BACCHUS’S TUN.

ROUND Arthur’s gay table some love to be
 gambling,
 Squandering their cash at their creditor’s cost ;
 While some on the plains of Newmarket love ram-
 bling,
 Blund’ring too oft the wrong side o’the post :
 But pleasure inviting, and women delighting,
 My spirits exhale and enrapture me most.

With

With these ev'ry vapour I chase,
 Rejecting the fiend of despair :
 Look poverty full in the face,
 And kick up the crutches of care.

Ye formal, methodical sons of sobriety,
 Phlegmatic and cold, to festivity coy,
 Who ne'er knew the pleasures of mirthful society,
 Whose larum of lite seldom wakes into joy :
 Adieu to such notions! for Bacchus's potions,
 Inspiring good humour, far better I prize ;
 Go preach your dull maxims elsewhere,
 Shake your noddles, and seem to lookwise ;
 To me your dull precepts forbear,
 Believe me your cant I despise.

What Pope has ascrib'd to the fountain poetical,
 Holds good with respect to the grape's purple
 stream ;
 Maintain it I will against all that are critical,
 However absurd the maxims may seem :
 With draughts that are shallow the head's over
 mellow,
 Then snap goes the axis that holds up the brain :
 But drinking large bumpers inspires
 The animal flow of each vein ;
 Rekindles the foul's dying fires,
 And makes us all sober again.

Then toss off your bumpers, you sons of virility,
 So shal! ye triumph o'er Bacchus's tun ;
 Be merry, my boys, and enjoy risibility,
 Happiness rises from laughter and fun :

To

To make the glass sweeter, our pleasures completer,
 Dear woman steps in with a look debonair,
 She the waste of love's ledger repairs
 She makes herself kind as she's fair :
 Her hand most good natur'dly tears
 Ev'ry leaf from the volume of care.

S O N G.

FRIENDSHIP AND WINE.

LET the grave and the gay enjoy life how they may,
 My pleasures their pleasures surpass ;
 Go the world well or ill, 'tis the same with me still,
 If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh, the courtier may lie,
 And Croesus his treasure amass ;
 All the joys are but vain that are blended with pain,
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires, and creates new desires,
 And oft wins the lover his lass :
 Or his courage prepares to disdain the nymphs airs,
 So I'll stick to my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain, the sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a clas ;
 Then enliven the clay, let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis

Tis friendship and wine only life can refine,
 We care not whate'er comes to pass
 With courtiers or great men, there's none of us
 statesmen;
 Come—Here's to our friend and our glass.

SONG.

NEPTUNE'S MISTAKE.

HAD Neptune when first he took charge of the sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we,
 He'd have thought better on't, and instead of the brine,
 He'd have fill'd the vast ocean with generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain?
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking,
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more haste,
 Secure in the ev'ning of such a repast ;
 And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his nap
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine :
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.

How happy us mortals when bless'd with such rain,
 'To fill all our vessels, and fill them again !
 Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er a dish,
 Might jump in the river, and drink like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in every one's brow,
 Hob, as great as a prince, dancing after the plow !
 The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
 Altho' they but sip, would eternally sing.

The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine,
 And merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
 That they were as happy as mortals below.

Had this been the case, what had we then enjoy'd,
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er cloy'd !
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour.

SONG.

BACCHUS'S RAYS.

SONS of Bacchus let's be gay,
 Nimbly move the cheerful glass ;
 Life is short and glides away,
 Let it then in pleasure pass :
 Phœbus now may hide his light,
 Silver Cynthia cease to shine,
 Bacchus' rays are far more bright,
 Sparkling from the gen'rous wine.

When the nymph is coy and cold,
 And puts on a scornful air ;
 Bacchus makes the lover bold.
 Courage ever gains the fair :
 While the fool who wastes his time,
 Trifling o'er insipid tea,
 Ne'er can aim at things sublime,
 'Till he freely drinks like me.

S O N G.

THE WAND'RING TAR.

By R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

THE wand'ring Tar, who not for years had
 prest,
 The widow'd partner of his day of rest,
 On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
 He hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd ;
 And while around the cadence rude is blown,
 The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
 Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile ;
 But e're the battle should he hear her cries,
 The lover trembles, and the hero dies !—
 That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
 Droops at a figh, and sickens at a tear.

In female breasts, did sense and merit rule,
 The lover's mind would ask no other school;
 Sham'd into sense, the scholars of our eyes,
 Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wise:
 Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
 The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love.

SONG.

THE MID WATCH.

By R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd
 main;
 Then sailors think on their far distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again:
 But when the fights begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of them come o'er his mind;
 We think, but should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Their hearts, to hear
 That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you:

O, when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of her come o'er your mind ;
 Think only should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer
 Her heart, to hear,
 That her own true sailor he was one.

S O N G.

ELLIOT'S VICTORY.

FOR ever be recorded that glorious day,
 When brave and gallant Elliot, with his
 chosen few,
 True British heroes, with British valour steel'd,
 A great and mighty host of foes o'erthrew :
 He, like the impervious rock,
 Stood firm amid the shock ;
 No fears could shake his daring soul,
 The streams of blood
 Pour'd like a flood ;
 And thunders shook from pole to pole.

Hark ! how the cannon, with impetuous roar,
 Deal dread destruction 'mid surrounding foes ;
 Princes and people line the distant shore,
 And weep, in silent awe, their country's woes :
 Now

Now hear the whistling shot,
 The balls they fly red hot :
 The hulls are all on fire :
 Look ev'ry way,
 Death and dismay,
 Will surely make the foe retire.

The gun-boats all advance, by valiant Curtis led,
 Not thunder, sea, nor fire, can daunt Britannia's
 son ;
 Rous'd from the deep, old Neptune rears his head,
 Well pleas'd to see the fight so nobly won :
 E'en now before our fight,
 They sink in endless night ;
 Behold the wretched fallen crew !
 From wat'ry grave,
 The poor, distres'd, surviving few.

Britannia joyful now appears,
 Her godlike chiefs to crown ;
 Fame sounds her golden trump on high,
 To deeds of high renown.

Whilst Britain's sons so firm unite,
 And heroes such command ;
 No envious hostile foe will dare,
 Disturb a happy land.

SONG.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye
 neighbours,
 The lovers their blifs can no longer delay :
 Forget all your sorrows, your cares, and your labours,
 And let every heart beat with rapture to-day :
 Come, come, one and all,
 Attend to my call,
 And revel in pleasures that never can cloy !
 Come see
 Rural Felicity,
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy and pride, let hate and ambition,
 Still crow'd to and bias the breasts of the great ;
 To such wretched passions we give no admission,
 But leave them alone to the wise ones of state :
 We boast of no wealth,
 But contentment and health,
 In mirth and in friendship our moments em-
 ploy :

Come, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring plea-
 sure,
 With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl ;
 Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
 For fatal excess but enslaves the free foul :
 Come, come, at our bidding,
 To this happy wedding,
 No care shall obtrude their own blifs to alloy :

G

Come, &c.

SONG.

THE SERVANT'S DISASTER.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

I AM worse than poor debtors, coop'd up in their cages,
 Board wages I had, now bare boards are my wages;
 To get into bad bread sure I had no call, sir,
 But bad bread is better than no bread at all, sir!

All, sir,
 Small, sir,
 No bread at all, sir—oh!

Oh had I a wife, tho' half starv'd like your humble,
 There's some consolation in something to mumble;
 Yet I'm married, tho' single—I tell you no fibs, sir,
 Here, look at my waistcoat—I'm nothing but ribs,
 sir!

Fibs, sir,
 Ribs, sir,
 Nothing but ribs, sir—oh!

Was ever poor servant in such a disaster?
 I'm master'd by starving, and starv'd by my master;
 I'm in a sad taking—with nothing to take, sir,
 I'd stake all I'm worth to be worth a beef steak, sir!
 Take, sir,
 Steak, sir,
 Take a beef steak, sir—oh!

SONG.

S O N G.

PLEASURES OF THE NIGHT.

Sung in Comus.

BY dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood nymph deck'd with dasies trim,
The merry, merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What has night to do with sleep?

Night has better sweets to prove,
Venus awakes and wakens love;
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

S O N G.

THE MIDDLING WAY.

WARM and wanton one night by her husband's dull side,
A wishing wife, fighing, began thus to chide;
'Tis hard, my dear Jack, that from me you should stray,
Be contented at home in the middling way,

Derry down, &c.

What abroad can you find that you have not at home?

Jack heard her, but slyly resolv'd to be mum:
She pull'd him, she pinch'd him, and cry'd out,
John, pray

Do not sleep now, my dear, for tis out of the way.

G 2

Derry down, &c.

With a yawn, Jack he cries, wife what is't you want?

I'll do all I can if my all will content :
Your all, my dear Jack, is all you can say,
Or all that I want in the middling way.

Derry down, &c.

To obey he began, but began in a hurry,
Which, like poor Hans Carvel, put Ma'am in a fury ;
Says she, I perceive you don't mind what I say,
Lord, Jack, pray hold still, for you're out of the way.

Derry down, &c.

Why, I hate to be tantaliz'd, Jack and you know it,
If you've any love for me, now pray my dear, shew
it ;

Jack obey'd the direction, till all she could say
Was, now you are plump in the middling way.

Derry down, &c.

I've sung you a song in the middling way,
My singing is poor I suppose you will say ;
Yet so fond I'm of singing, my muse next extends,
To sing or say nothing of t'other two ends.

Derry down, &c.

Which end is the best, and which most can prevail,
As for ships, birds, and fish, they are steer'd by the tail ;

And altho' man and wife for the head may contend,
They're both better pleas'd when they get t'other end.

Derry down, &c.

The end of our misses, the end of our wives,
 The end of our loves, and the end of our lives ;
 The end of connection 'twixt mistress and male,
 Tho' the head does design, has its end in the tail.

Derry down, &c.

More ends I could name, but these are the best,
 No end I should gain in recounting the rest :
 Yet one I will add, which you cannot think wrong,
 And that is to make here an end of my song.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

GOOD HUMOUR AND WIT.

ONE ev'ning good-humour took wit as his
 guest,
 Resolv'd to indulge in a sensible feast ;
 Their liquor was claret, and friendship their host,
 And mirth, song, and sentiment garnish'd each
 toast,

Derry down, &c.

But while, like true bucks, they enjoy their design,
 For the joy of a buck lies in love, wit, and wine ;
 Alarm'd ! they all heard at the door a loud knock,
 And the watchman hoarse bellow'd, 'twas past
 twelve o'clock.

— G 3

Derry down, &c.

They nimblly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
 And up stairs they dragg'd the impertinent hound ;
 When brought to the light, how much were they
 pleas'd,
 To see 'twas the grey glutton, Time, they had seiz'd.
Derry down, &c.

His glass as his lanthorn, his scythe as his pole,
 And his single lock dangled adown his smooth
 scull :
 My friend, quoth he, coughing, I thought fit to
 knock,
 And bid ye be gone, for 'tis past twelve o'clock.
Derry down, &c.

Says the venom'd tooth savage, on this advice fix,
 The' nature strikes twelve, folly still points to fix :
 He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear
 it,
 So hid him at once in a hogshead of claret.
Derry down, &c.

This is right, call'd out wit, while your yet in your
 prime,
 There's nothing like claret for killing of Time :
 Huzza, reply'd Love, now no more can he knock,
 Or, impertinent, tell us, 'tis past twelve o'clock.
Derry down, &c.

Since Time is confin'd to our wine, let us think,
 By this maxim we're sure of our Time when we
 drink ;
 With bumpers, my lads, let our glasses be prim'd,
 Now we're certain our drinking is always well tim'd.
Derry down. &c.

SONG.

THE SWEETHEART.

Tune—*Derry down.*

SINCE the world is so old and the times are
so new,
And every thing talk'd of except what is true ;
Among other stories my fable may pass,
Of four or five sweethearts who courted a lass.

Derry down, &c.

The first was from France, a la mode de Paris,
All fashion, all feather, bien Monsieur poudre ;
He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then
He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff again.

Derry down, &c.

A Dutchman advanc'd,—when the lady he saw,
He dropp'd down his pipe and he blubber'd out—
yaw ;
With hands hid in pocket, and unpolish'd leer,
As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer.

Derry down, &c.

From Connaught, itself, another beau came,
Macfinnin Macgragh Ballinbrough was his name ;
He bow'd to the lass, and he star'd at Monsieur,
Clapp'd his hand on his sword, and said, *Ab! arrah,*
my dear !

G 4

Derry down, &c.

The next a mess John, of rank methodist taint,
Who thought like a finner, but look'd like a faint,
Clos'd hands, twirl'd his thumbs, moving muckle
his face

Then turn'd up his eyes as about to say grace.

Derry down, &c.

A neat English sailor in holiday trim,
Who had long lov'd the lass, and the lass had lov'd
him,
Athwart them all stept, under arm toss'd his switch,
Squar'd his hat, op'd his pouch, gave his trowsers a
hitch.

Derry down, &c.

He along-side her fell, and he grappled on board,
She struck the first broadside of kisses he pour'd ;
Then he tow'd her to church, and as to the rest,
What afterwards follow'd is easily gues'd.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G.

THE UPS AND DOWNS.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

O F ups and downs we daily see
Examples, most surprizing ;
The high and low, of each degree,
Now, falling, and now rising :

Some

Some up, some down ; some in some out ;
 Some neither one nor t'other :
 Knaves, Fools, Jews, Gentiles, join the rout,
 And jostle one another.
 With my heigho !
 Gee up ! gee ho !
 Higgledy piggledy,
 Truth, honour, honesty,
 Trim tram !
 Your honesty's scarce,
 Honour's grown a mere farce,
 And poor truth ! baw, an obsolete whim wham.

By ups and downs, some folks, they say
 Among grandees have got, sir ;
 Who were themselves, but yesterday,
 The Lord knows who or what, sir :
 Sans sense, or pence, in merit's chair,
 They dose and dream supine-o !
 But how the devil they came there,—
 That neither you nor I know.

With my Heigho, &c.

Your Country-maid comes up to town,
 A simple awkward body ;
 In half a year again goes down,
 No Peacock half so gaudy !
 Lord ma'am, exclaims the Lawyer's wife,
 (With scandal ever ready)
 You see the ups and downs of life
 Have made our Meg a lady.

G 5 *With my Heigho, &c.*

Virtue and Vanity are grown
 Meer buckets in a well, sir ;
 The last gets up, the first gets down,
 As all the World can tell, sir :
 So many downs poor Virtue meets,
 Her ups so very few, sir ;
 'Tis said she's naked met i'the streets,
 But that is nothing new, sir.

With my Heigho, &c.

Oh! what an age of ups and downs,
 Hey! seven's the main, my Lord thrice knocks ;
 Lands, Liberties, Manors and Towns,
 Are ratt'ling in the dice box !
 Up fly the fools, on ruin bent,
 While they are full in feather ;
 Get pluck'd, then rumbling down are sent,
 Whoop Pell-Mell all together.

With my Heigho, &c.

S O N G.

DICK AND THE OLD WOMAN.

Tune—*How goes it Brother Jack.*

WHENCE comes it, neighbour Dick,
 That you with youth uncommon ;
 Have serv'd the girls this trick,
 And wedded an old woman ?

Happy Dick.

Each belle condemns the choice
 Of a youth so gay and sprightly ;
 But we, your friends, rejoice,
 That you have judg'd so rightly.

Happy Dick.

Though odd to some it sounds,
 That on three-score you ventur'd ;
 Yet in ten thousand pounds,
 Ten thousand charms are center'd.

Happy Dick.

Beauty, we know, will fade,
 As doth the short liv'd flower ;
 Nor can the fairest maid
 Insure her bloom an hour.

Happy Dick.

Then wisely you resign
 For sixty, charms so transient ;
 As the curious value coin
 The more for being ancient.

Happy Dick.

With joy your spouse shall see
 The fading beauties round her ;
 And she herself still be
 The same that first you found her.

Happy Dick.

Oft' is the marriage state
 With jealousies attended ;
 And hence, through foul debate,
 Are nuptial joys suspended.

G 6

Happy Dick.

But you with such a wife,
 No jealous fears are under :
 She's your's alone for life,
 Or much we all shall wonder.

Happy Dick.

Her death would grieve you fore
 But let not that torment you ;
 My life, she'll see four-score,
 If that will but content you.

Happy Dick.

On this you may rely,
 For the pains you took to win her ;
 She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
 Unless the devil's in her.

Happy Dick.

Some have the name of hell,
 To matrimony given ;
 How falshy you can tell,
 Who find it such a heaven.

Happy Dick.

With you, each day and night
 Is crown'd with joy and gladness ;
 While envious virgins bite
 The hated sheets for madnes.

Happy Dick.

With spouse long share the bliss,
 Y'had miss'd in any other ;
 And when you've buried this,
 May you have such another.

Happy Dick.

Observing hence by you
 In marriage such decorum ;
 Our wiser youths shall do
 As you have done before 'em.

Happy Dick.

S O N G.

THROW THE STOCKING.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

WHEN a lover's in the wind,
 Tho' Miss is coy, we always find
 At last she turns out wond'rous kind,
 Nor thinks a man fo shocking :
 A woman's frowns are but a jest,
 She's angry only to be prest,
 And then she grants her friends request,
 To let them throw the stocking.

While pudding-sleeves unites their hands,
 And fetters both in marriage bands,
 John grins, and Molly foolish stands,
 To see the neighbours flock in :
 But after supper John is led,
 With love and liquor in his head,
 Tuck'd with his Molly into bed,
 Then hey to throw the stocking !

The

The night soon past, the morning come,
 The couple looking queer and rum,
 He says but little, she is dumb,
 The chamber door unlocking :
 But Molly, who was once so coy,
 No longer now conceals her joy ;
 She vows all day, for her dear boy,
 She'd trudge without a stocking.

S O N G.

THE DANDY O!

Sung by Mr. Davies.

HERE is a chambermaid lives in the South,
 So tight, so light, so neat, so gay, so han-
 dy—o !
 Her breath is like the rose, and the pretty little
 mouth
 Of pretty little tippet is the dandy-o.

Never could I clasp the waist of Sukey, Sal, or
 Peg,
 Their arms so red, their ugly legs so bandy-o :
 But slim and taper is the waist; the neat pretty
 leg
 Of pretty little tippet is the dandy-o !

Tippet

Tippet of the South, if she gives but a smile,
 Chears the cockles of my skipping heart like
 brandy-o !
 Each part, each limb, each look, would any one be-
 guile,
 But take her altogether, she's the dandy-o.

Each part, each limb, each look, would any one be-
 guile,
 And Tippet's little total is the dandy-o.

S O N G.

THE SHOULDER KNOT.

Sung by Miss George.

JOHN tripp'd up the stairs by night,
 Heigho! to Betty got ;
 John tripp'd up the stairs by night,
 Slyly without candle light :
 Cries Bett, "Who's there ?"
 " 'Tis I my dear,
 Johnny with his shoulder-knot."

What did foolish Betty do,
 Heigh ho! she knew not what ;
 What did foolish Betty do ?
 Lifts the latch—in he flew !
 When he kiss'd,
 Could she resist
 Johnny with his shoulder-knot ?

Madam

Madam Maudlin soon found out,
 Heigh ho! poor Betty's lot :
 Madam Maudlin soon found out,
 " What's this, says she, you've been about?"
 Betty cries,
 And wipes her eyes,
 " The deuce was in his shoulder-knot."

SONG.

THE BUTTER WOMAN.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

YE blooming maids from Mneymosyne sprung,
 Inspire my verse, as when great Virgil sung ;
 Teach me in flowing numbers to relate,
 The fate of Dobbin and his mistress Kate :
 Teach me with sympathetic woe to tell,
 What dire mishap this rustic dame befel.

AIR.

One morning early in the spring,
 When laylocks they were blowing,
 When o'er the lawns the blackbirds sing,
 And peasants they we're mowing.

When

When nature paints the daisy'd mead,
 With beauty's art excelling ;
 Dame Kate got on her founder'd steed,
 And left the rustic dwelling.

She jog'd along, replete with care,
 And of some matter scheming ;
 Summing the profits of her ware,
 Of nought but int'rest dreaming.

At length the dame from silence broke,
 And thus began to solace :
 But first on Dobbin laid a stroke,
 That he might mend his slow pace.

Eighteen score new-laid eggs I've brought,
 Some chickens hatch'd last Easter ;
 My eggs I'll sell for ten a groat,
 Each chicken for a teaster.

All these will help to buy a cow,
 If I'm not very shallow ;
 In time I shall have calves enough,
 To buy a piece of fallow.

Who knows, e'r long I rich may be,
 And wear the finest linen ;
 The parson, he, may fancy me,
 And then I'll leave off spinning.

I know the dames will envy me,
 I'll care not for their gibing ;
 But be as proud as any she,
 And wear my silks and ribbon.

RECITATIVE.

"Twas thus she ended, when a Raven's croak,
 She heard, descending from a neighbouring oak :
 A murrain on that whoreson croak, said she,
 That cursed noise forebodes no good to me : —
 Down Dobbin fell, and o'er his batter'd frame,
 Tumbled the mighty castle-building dame ;
 Her panniers break, her chickens went astray,
 And her mash'd eggs besrew the dirty way !
 Sprawling she lay, from head to foot besmear'd,
 Her 'kerchief torn, and her posteriors bar'd.—
 " So Cloacinia, when she rears her head,
 " Above the stagnate waters putrid bed,
 " With yellow filth of od'rate common-sewer,
 " Her matted hair and face is daub'd all o'er,"
 She heav'd a sigh, which ask'd a quick relief,
 And thus in plaintive strains declar'd her grief.

A I R.

Oh, my bones are all sore,
 And my cloaths are all tore,
 I never was in such a pickle ;
 My belly is bare,
 And my back, I declare,
 Dame fortune is wond'rous fickle.

Tol de r^o

Curs'd Dobbin, 'tis you
 That's made this to do,
 For had you stood firm on your legs ;
 All had been well,
 I never had fell,
 But got safe with my chickens and eggs.

Tol de rol.

Oh, terrible fate,
 That I who so late
 Thought of nothing but pleasure to come ;
 Should sprawl in the road,
 All besmear'd like a toad,
 From the crown of the head to the bum.

Tol de rol.

Oh, ye gods, how I ache,
 Now I see my mistake,
 Had I taken the sure-footed mare ;
 Left Dobbin at grass,
 In the lane with the Ass,
 The market I'd reach'd with my ware.

Tol de rol.

Should it come to the ear,
 The neighbours would sneer,
 The village would make me a jest ;
 Pray heaven none's nigh,
 My misfortune to spy,
 And I'll evermore act for the best.

Tol de rol.

SONG.

SONG.

THE PALACES OF LIQUOR.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

YOUR Mountain, Sack, your Frontiniac,
Tokay, and twenty more, sir !
Your Sherry, and Perry, which make men merry,
Are Deities I adore, sir :

And well may Port,
Your praise extort,
When from his palace forth he comes,
And glucks, and gurgles, fumes, and foams.

Old Rum, Arrack, and Coniac,
Are known for men of might, sir ;
Nor shall Sir Flasket Florence lack
A place among my Knights, sir :
Don Calcavalla
Is a noble fellow !

When from, &c.

Madeira! Monarch, him I sing,
And Old Hock, lo ! another ;
Champagne is my most Christian King,
And Burgundy's his brother :
Bold Bordeaux ! too,
Shall have his due !

When from, &c.

If singly thus, each Champion may
So many laurels gather ;
Gods ! what a glorious Congrefs, they,
When all are met together !
When high in state
Each Potentate,

When from, &c.

The celebrated Dutch and German DIALOGUE
between Mynheer Eupharson, and Mynheer Van-
flawken.

AS I was going by de Tirteen Cantoons, dat is de place vere de vas sell de Alamote Peef, who should pe stand at de doors, but Mynheer *Vanflawken* and Mynheer *Vandyson*. Zo, Mynheer *Vanflawken* vas to say to me, vat is de matter you nefer vas go down to de Veen's-Head, at *Yelsea*, to play de game at de *Dutch Robers*. Zo I zay to him, I never vas go dere, but I vill go some time or anoders. Zo he zay to me, come now, come now, and pring your vife along vid you. Zo I zay to him, Zair, I vas got ne'er a vifes. Zo he zay to me den I suppose you keep a faulker woman's—yes, Zair, says I,—I vas keep a faulker woman's to be zure, Zair. Zo den he zay to me, vell, vell, pring your faulker woman's along vid you.—Zo I go into *Dewknerns-Lane*, I fesh mine faulker woman's and away ve vas go to de Veen's-Head, at *Yealsea*, yest py his Majesty's Pon-House. Ven ve vas come dere, dere vas Mynheer *Vanflawken*, Mynheer *Vandyson*, and his vifes, and his wife's broders, and Mynheer *Hoefsnicken*, and his fauders and moders. Zo Mynheer *Vanflawken* he vas zay to me, zair, I vill play vid you at de *Dutch Robers* for any monie. Zo avay ve vas go at it, and vile he vas look over de vall at de younk faulker woman's, as vas to go py—py got, zair, I vas tip all nine, four I push down mid de bowl, and five mid doter hand.—Hey, fat de devils ish de matter know? Vat you tip all nine? says Mynher *Vanflawken*,—yes, zair, says I,—I vas tip

tip all nine:—py got dat vas not fair, says Mynheer *Vanflawken*—yes zair, says I, dat vas very fair.—Vell, vell, says Mynheer *Vanflawken*, I cou'd no zee, I had not eyes in mine aurie. Zo den he zay, he vou'd play anoder game along mid me. Zo I p'ay anoder games — and anoder — and anoder, —py got I vas beat him every one. Zo he zay he vou'd play no more games, but vou'd go into de room behind de bar, and hafe a tankard of de shmoist beers, and baper of de shmoist tobacco. Zo in de mean vile my faulker woman's vas in de bar, along mid de woman of de house, and Madam *Vanflawken*. Zo de woman's of de house, vas zay to mine faulker woman's—Madam, vill you please to come and shit down by me. Zo mine faulker woman's vas shit down by de woman's of de house, and de woman's of de house vas shit down by mine faulker woman's. Zo de woman's of de house she zay to Madam *Vanflawken*, and mine faulker woman's, ladies, vill you hafe a trop of a trams. Zo py got, they drink five or six trams a piece, dey vas very soper woman's to be sure. Zo in de mean time Mynheer *Vanflawken* vas tumble into a a great dispute, about whi vas de greatest man's, de Hon. Mr. *Pitt*, or de Hon. Mr. *Fox*. Zo I zay, Mr. *Pitt* vas a more greater man as he. Den Mynheer *Vanflawken* say, pshaw, pshaw, Mr. *Pitt* is no more as a foolish young woman's, dat vas make me mad as de devils. Zo I zay py got, he is no more as foolish young boy, so you vas a liar for dat, den he vas come up to me, and gif me a develish dump of de eye. Zo den I go up to him, and gif him anoder dump. Zo den he came up to me and gift me a dump of de yeek, den I gif anoder dump of de yeek, away den ve go to it, dere vas dump for dump, and plump for

for plump, 'till Mynheer *Vanflawken* vas got me down on de floor. Zo I vas lye down on de floor, vat must I do den. Mynheer vas a great tall gross man's come sau, and I vas a little spare man's come sau. Zo py got a comical thought vas come into mine head, dat I would pite de *Dufshman*'s nose. Zo py got, I turn about, and pite his nose troo and troo.—Donder and Blacksen, zays Mynheer, for vat is you pite a man's nose.—No zair, said I— I did not pite your nose. By got, says Mynheer *Vanflawken*, you vas a tam'd lyar, if you say you vas not pite my nose. Zo I zay, indeed zair, I did not. Donder and Blacksen, you lie you dief, only zee now yentlemens, how it was hanging dingle dangle, one one way and de oder by a little bit of skin.—Zo den all de yentlemens zay, it vas a tamt shame dat one man should pite anoder man's nose. Zo one yentleman vas come and gife me a dump, and anoder came and gife me a dump, py got dey gife me ten hundred towland dumps, and den kick me out of de company. Zo as I vas go down stairs, I zay murder! murder! Zo who should come up but an *Englishman*, as I vas know fery vell.—Zo I zay to him, come along mid me, here is Mynheer *Vanflawken* zays hafe pite his nose.—O G—t d—m his plood, says de *Englishmans*, tell him he pit his own nose his own self;—py got I tought vas very comical, dat a man should pite his own nose: however I know de *Englishmans* vas very good at de dumps and de plumps, he vas bete nine or ten *Dufshmans* presently; I vas run in, dere! dere! zays I, Mynheer *Vanflawken*, you vas a blackguard, you vas a scoundrel and a diefsman, you say I vas pite your nose, py got, zair, you pite your own nose your ownselfes.—Got tam my plood, yentlemens, says

says Mynheer *Vanflawken*, here is a blackguard, here is a scoundrel! — Now yentlemens, I will be jug'd by ye, veder it is possible a man can pite his own nose his ownselfes. Zo all de yentlemens zay no to be sure. — But Mynheer *Hoofsnicken*, a fery grafe vise man, vas shiting by de fire side, drinking his tankard of de smiltsh peer, and smoaking his pipe of de smoisht tobacco. Yentlemens zays he, noding is impossible vid got—if got please a man may pite his own nose his own selves.— Zo den all de yentlemens vas fall aboard de great fat *Dufzman*, and gife him ten hundred tousard dumps, for pite his own nose his ownselfes and lay it upon anoder mans. But in de mean vile, who should come in but Mynheer *Katerfelto*, de comical *Yerman*, vid his black devils, py got he vas a comical mans, so comical, he make you skite your brogenbrooks, he vas come in, O yentlemen, yentlemen, says he, vat is de reason of de damt noise and botterations. Come, come, shit down, zays he, I vill gife you a pit of a Dutch song. Zo den dey all call silence for Mynheer *Katerfelto*'s song, and Mynheer *Katerfelto*, he was begin.

Yonk coop macarmus

My moisnet hav'en con gelt,

Eftsoon ye vel macarma scope ;

Myre gelt is out o'mine sack alofe,

Yonk coop macarmus

My moisnet ha'en con gelt.

SONG.

THE SANDMAN'S WEDDING.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS Joe the sandman drove his noble team
Of raw-rump'd asses, sand-ho! was his theme :
Just as he turn'd the corner of the street,
His dear lov'd Bess, the bunter chanc'd to meet ;
With joy cry'd woa, did turn his quid, and stare,
First fuck'd her jole, then thus address'd the fair.

A I R.

Forgive me if I praise those charms,
Thy darting eyes, lips, neck, and arms ;
Thy breasts to Joe always appear,
Like two small hills of sand, my dear :
Thy beauties, Bet, from top to toe,
Have stole the heart of sandman Joe.

Come wed, my dear, and let's agree,
Then of the gin-club you'll be free ;
No brick-maker, or ragman's frow,
Dare then reproach my Bess for Joe ;
For he's the kiddy, rum and queer,
That all St. Giles's boys doth fear.

H

RECITATIVE.

RECITATIVE.

Befs, swell'd with gratitude, at length reply'd,
 Must Joey proffer thus and be deny'd ?
 No, no, my Joe shall have his heart's delight,
 And we'll be wedded e'er we sleep this night :
 Well spoke, quoth Joe, no more you need to say,
 Gee-up, gallows, do you want any fand to-day.

A I R.

Joe quickly his fand he had sold, sir,
 And Befs got a basket of rags,
 Then up to St. Giles's they stroll'd, sir,
 To every bunter Befs brags :
 Then into a gin-shop they pike it,
 Where Befs was admitted we hear ;
 For none of the crew dare but like it,
 As Joey, her kiddy was there.

Full of glee, until ten that they started,
 For supper Joe sent out a win ;
 A hog's maw betwixt them was parted,
 After they had fill'd it with gin :
 It was on an old leather trunk, sir,
 They married were, never to part ;
 But Bessy she being blind drunk, sir,
 Joe drove her away in his cart.

SONG.

S O N G.

LOVE.

O How vain is ev'ry blessing,
How insipid all our joys ;
Life how little worth posseſſing,
But when love its time employs !

Love, the pureſt, nobleſt pleasure,
That the gods on earth beſtow ;
Adding wealth to every treasure,
Taking pain from every woe.

S O N G.

LASS AND FRIAR.

A Lovely lass to a friar came,
To confeſſ in the morning early ;
In what my dear are you to blame ?
Come, own it all ſincereſly :
I've done, fir, what I dare not name,
With a lad who loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now diſcover ;
Then you to Rome for that muſt go,
There diſcipline to ſuffer :
Lack-a-day! fir, if it muſt be ſo,
Pray with me ſend my lover.

H 2

O, no,

O, no, no, my dear, you dream,
 We'll have no double dealing;
 But if with me you'll repeat the same,
 I'll pardon your past failing!
 I must own, sir, though I blush for shame,
 That your penance is prevailing.

SONG.

THE MEDLEY.

THIS world is a stage
 On which mankind engage,
 And each acts his part in a throng;
 But all in confusion,
 Meer folly, delusion,
 And faith, nothing else but a song:
 A song, a song,
 And faith, nothing else but a song.

The parson, so grave,
 Says your soul he will save,
 And point the right way from the wrong:
 After piously teaching,
 With long-winded preaching,
 He puts off his flock with a song.

The doctor he fills
 You with bolus and pills,
 With assurance to make you live long:
 But believe me 'tis true,
 The guinea's in view,
 And the rest it is all but a song.

The surgeon so bold
 His lancet doth hold,
 And flashes your body along :
 Small wounds he enlarges,
 To fill up your charges,
 His art like the rest is a song.

The soldier he rattles
 Of sieges and battles,
 And sieges that he's been among :
 His preferment and spirit
 Are both like his merit,
 You see they are bought for a song.

The ship-master cries,
 See the clouds how they rise,
 Up aloft, my brave boys it blows strong ;
 Boy make us some flip,
 And I'll warrant the ship
 Will soon reach her port, is his song.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
 The lawyer he scribbles,
 And moves his mellifluous tongue ;
 'Twixt demur and vacation,
 He'll raise expectation,
 Then sink your estate to a song.

The merchant is bent
 On his twenty per cent.
 To him journal and ledger belong ;
 Commission with charges,
 His profit enlarges,
 'Till his balance may end in a song.

With powder and lace,
 And effeminate face,
 The gay fop behold strutting along ;
 Just arrived from his travels,
 At nothing he levels,
 But only a dance and a song.

The gentle coquet,
 She's all in a fret,
 In the morn if her toilet is wrong ;
 The whole day she will pass.
 To consult her dear glass,
 And at night die away with a song.

The furly old prude,
 She will say you are rude,
 For the bliss tho' she secretly long ;
 But take her aside,
 You may manage her pride,
 And her virtue bring down to a song.

The courtier he smiles
 At the time he beguiles,
 And feeds you with promises long :
 He squeezes your hand,
 And calls you his friend,
 Tho' he means nothing more than a song.

Then let us be jolly,
 Drive hence melancholy,
 Since we are brave fellows among ;

Taste

Taste life as it passes,
 And fill up our glasses,
 And each honest blade sing a song.
 A song, a song,
 And each honest blade sing a song.

SONG.

YOUNG JOCKEY.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Jockey, who teiz'd me a twelve-month or more,
 Now bolder is grown than was mortal before ;
 He whispers such things as no virgin should hear,
 And he presses my lips with a warmtn I can't bear.

With stories of love he would softeln my mind,
 And his eyes speak a temper to mischief inclin'd ;
 But I vow not a moment I'll trust him alone,
 And when next he grows rude, I will bid him be gone.

Of honor and truth not a word has he spoke,
 And his actions declare he thinks virtue a joke ;
 He shall find his mistake, if he ventures to try,
 For, than yield on such terms, oh ! I rather would die.

With no creature beside he such freedom dare take,
 Yet the handsome and witty he quits for my sake :
 But how can I think that he loves me the best ?
 Or how can I love him who'd break all my rest ?

Oh ! Jockey, reform, nor be foolish again,
 Lest you lose a fond heart you shall never regain :
 If you change your behaviour, and to church chuse
 to go,
 I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say no.

S O N G.

DEAR VARIETY.

LE T the philosophic wise,
 Preach up rules the gay despise ;
 Let the hoary bearded sage,
 Censure follies of the age :
 Yet while brisk the vital tide,
 Pleasure, thou shalt be my guide ;
 Live, oh, goddefs ! live with me,
 All in dear variety.

Dwell thou, love, within my breast,
 Just enough to make me blest ;
 Let thy sweets incessant spring,
 But protect me from the sting !
 Be the passion unconfin'd,
 Under no restraint the mind ;
 But like birds, as fond and free,
 Pleas'd with dear variety.

Keep,

Keep, oh Plutus, all thy wealth,
 Give me competence and health ;
 Care surrounds the miser's hoard,
 Pains attends the spendthrift's board :
 Bacchus, in thy rosy bowl,
 Let me slake my thirsty soul ;
 But let reason wait on thee,
 Reason prompts variety.

Life on wings of joy shou'd hafte,
 Gloomy thoughts the minutes waste ;
 We shou'd banish care and fear,
 Fate predestines all things here :
 Hail to friendship, beauty, wine ;
 These make transient life divine !
 May they ever live with me,
 All in dear variety.

S O N G.

ON HUMAN LIFE.

SINCE all mankind to happiness
 Lay some fantastic claim ;
 'Tis strange, among so great a crow'd,
 That all should miss their aim.

How were I blest, (the Peasant cries)
 Had empire been my share ;
 Curst be this grandeur, (says the Prince)
 The source of all my care.

As when some craggy cliff, from far,
 With pleasure we survey;
 And, with the distant prospect fir'd,
 Straight thither make our way.

But find, at length, with pains arriv'd,
 It's tempting glory ceas'd ;
 By desart barreness convinc'd
 The distance only pleas'd.

Thus our o'er heated fancies rove,
 In all affairs of life :
 Her whom a mistreis we adore,
 We nauseate when a wife.

I'll to be happy, be content,
 Nor break with care my sleep ;
 Bliss, like a shadow, run or stand,
 The self same distance keep.

S O N G.

WOMAN AND WINE.

BID me, when forty winters more
 Have furrow'd deep my pallid brow ;
 When from my head, a scanty store,
 Lankly the wither'd tresses flow :
 When the warm tide, that bold and strong,
 Now rolls impetuous on, and free :
 Languid and slow scarce creeps along,
 Then bid me court sobriety.

Nature,

Nature, who form'd the varied scene,
 Of rage and calm, of frost and fire,
 Unerring guide, could only mean,
 That age should reason—youth desire :
 Shall then that rebel, man, presume
 (Inverting nature's law) to sieze
 The dues of age, in youth's high bloom,
 And join impossibilities ?

No!—let me waste the frolic May,
 In wanton joys and wild excess ;
 In revel sport, and laughter gay,
 And mirth, and rosy chearfulness :
 Woman, the soul of all delights,
 And wine, the aid of love be near ;
 All charms me that to joy incites,
 And ev'ry she, that's kind, is fair.

S O N G.

ROAD TO HYMEN.

WOULD you wish o'er a maid to prevail,
 In sighs you your mind must impart ;
 You must tell her some pretty love tale,
 And sing what you feel at your heart.

When, in pity, to love she's inclin'd,
 And fondly believes all you say ;
 Sure embrace her while she's in the mind ;
 There's danger in longer delay.

O! how happy could I be with you,
 United in wedlock's soft chain ;
 All the day we our pleasures pursue,
 And revel it over the plain.

Would the fates only grant me but this,
 All the cares of high life I defy ;
 And, while thus we enjoy'd the true bliss,
 How happy my Dicky and I !

S O N G.

LOVE AND WINE.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare,
 The merits of wine with the charms of the
 fair ;
 I appeal to the men to determine between
 A tun-belly'd Bacchus and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
 For tho' there is mirth, there is madness in wine :
 Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
 'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass
 smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
 And the more I behold her, the more I admire !
 But the charms of her temper and mind I adore,
 These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How.

How happy our days when with love we engage,
 'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age;
 But what are the joys of the bottle and bowl?
 Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul.

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
 The longer I drink the more thirsty am I:
 From this fair confession 'tis plain, my good friend,
 You're a toper eternal and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
 But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry!
 From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must
 spring,
 Nay, the stoicks must own it, she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford,
 For a time it will make us as great as a lord:
 But woman, for ever gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex as long as I can.

S O N G.

TELL 'EM NO.

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the non-sense of men,
 I promis'd my mother, again and again,
 To fay as she bids me wherever I go,
 And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em no.

I

I really believe I have frighten'd a score,
 They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more :
 And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so,
 Were the same thing to do, I again should say no.

But a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,
 Won't let me alone tho' I bid him depart ;
 Such questions he puts, since I answer him so,
 That he makes me mean yes, tho' my words are still
 no.

He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain ?
 (Let me die if he is not a clever young swain)
 Should he venture a kiss, if I from him would go,
 Then he'd press my young lips, while I blush'd and
 said no.

He ask'd, if my heart to another was gone,
 If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on ?
 If I meant my life long to answer him so ?
 I faulter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, no.

This morning an end to his courtship he made,
 Will Phillis live longer a virgin ? he said ;
 If I press you to church, will you scruple to go ?
 In a hearty good-humour, I answer'd, no, no !

SONG.

SONG.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

Written by Mr. Nicholls.

RECITATIVE.

WHERE two tall elms their verdant boughs
 entwin'd,
 To form a shade from spreading hazels join'd ;
 'Twas there, to pass in sweets the sultry hours,
 Young Damon hung the woodland's fairest flow'rs :
 And when intensely beam'd the mid-day heat,
 He led his Phillis to the cool retreat ;
 Where grew the cuckoo-bud, and daffodil,
 With wild thyme sweet, that loves the moss-clad
 hill.

No eye to see, no ear to hear their chat,
 Low on the velvet-grafs the lovers sat.
 Let not foul envy think they meant offence,
 No more they knew, but love and innocence.
 With gentle accents trembling on his tongue,
 Thus to the maid he lov'd the shepherd sung.

A I R.

Whilst shelter'd from the beams of noon,
 Your ewes and lambkins rest,
 Dear Phillis grant the promis'd bliss,
 And make your Damon blest.

The

The thrush no more shall wake the plain ;
 The lark at rising day,
 Forget to give his chearing strain,
 When Spring leads up the May.

These clover-vales shall bloom no more,
 No verdure dress the grove ;
 Yon stream forsake its rushy shore,
 When I deceive my love.

RECITATIVE.

No more he meant, than on her breast to lie,
 To dream of joys the realms of bliss supply :
 The blushing maid of virtue's sacred train,
 Repuls'd his love and thus address'd the swain.

A. I. R.

Far o'er the mead a shepherd dwells,
 All silver is his beard ;
 Note what the hoary hermit tells,
 There's truth in every word.

Last eve I ran across the vale,
 Swift as the swallow flies ;
 His cot obtain'd, I told my tale,
 And begg'd him to advise.

Beware (he said) our ruder race,
 For youth is fraught with art :
 And he who wears the fairest face,
 Oft wants a gentle heart..

Haples

Hapless for life's the luckless fair,
 If such she's doom'd to wed ;
 'Twere better death should save her care,
 Upon her bridal bed.

Such were his words; and, O my swain !
 Should you prove insincere,
 Phillis must thro' her life complain,
 And often drop a tear.

RECITATIVE.

The ardent lover heard the maid's surmise,
 Then thus, enraptur'd, to her plaint replies.

A I R.

Pluck wild ambition from your mind,
 Once rooted, 'twill encrease ;
 And soon the bitter fruits you'll find
 Destructive to your peace.

Think better, sweet, of one that's true,
 Believe my heart your own ;
 For were a thousand maids in view,
 I'd take but you alone.

This boon I ask of Heav'n to give,
 In some sequester'd home,
 With you in wedlock's bonds to live,
 Without a thought to roam.

From

From grey ey'd morn, 'till stilly eve,
 From eve 'till rising day—
 No joy without thee I'd receive,
 Without thee ne'er be gay.

Be thou but mine, with rosy health,
 Let dear content be by ;
 The rest I'll leave the sons of wealth,
 Without a single figh.

RECITATIVE.

Thus sang the youth, whose breast was honour's
 throne,
 Whose mind simplicity had made her own :
 'Till far a-field, the tinkling village bells
 Call'd sportive echo from her grots and cells :
 They left the grove, unto the dance they sped,
 Revel'd 'till eve, and the next morn we're wed.

A I R.

Now love and fond wishes concur,
 To make them the talk of the plain ;
 The maids take example from her,
 And the shepherds all copy the swain.

Where'er such examples are shown,
 Who of wedlock can ever repent ?
 Where constancy governs the throne,
 The subjects are sure of content.

RECITATIVE.

To seek no more, let lovers learn from hence,
 'Till Hymen wills, than love and innocence.

SONG.

A MARTIAL SONG.

COME ye lads who wish to shine,
 Bright in future story,
 Haste to arms, and form the line
 That leads to martial glory !
 Charge the musket, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers ;
 Tell the blust'ring sons of France,
 That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rouz'd,
 And her flag is rearing,
 Always finds her sons diipos'd
 To drub the foe that's daring.

Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of oak, with speed advance,
 Pour your Naval thunder
 On the trembling shores of France,
 And strike the world with wonder.

Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share,
 Is the noblest booty ;
 Guard your coast, protect the fair,
 For that's a Briton's duty.

Charge the musket, &c.

What if Spaniards, to their parts,
 Form a base alliance ;
 All unite, and English hearts
 May bid the world defiance :
 Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
 Manly and united ;
 Danger face, maintain your ground,
 And see your country righted.

S O N G.

SONG UPON SONGS.

COME every brisk soul,
 Who delights in a bowl;
 In mirth, or what to it belongs ;
 Attend to my verse,
 While here I rehearse,
 To please you, a song upon songs.

But first I declare,
 To him that will hear,
 This little original song ;
 Let him think what he will,
 Nought offensive or ill,
 Is contain'd in my song upon songs.

Great statesmen conceal,
 Their schemes, wheel in wheel,
 And under disguise commit wrongs ;
 I nobody hurt,
 But contribute to sport,
 By writing this song upon songs.

The

The boisterous knave,
 Who pretends to be brave,
 And boasts of his fights and ding-dongs ;
 When put to the test,
 How fallen his crest,
 And his courage a song upon songs.

The clergy resort
 To superiors at court,
 And crave for fat livings in throngs ;
 While I, with low aim,
 Aspire to fame,
 In scribbling a song upon songs.

Taste differs in all,
 In great and in small,
 A hobby-horse to all belongs ;
 A girl, ball, or play,
 A review, or birth-day,
 Or even a song upon songs.

Guitars with some suit,
 Some a fiddle or flute,
 And some love a poker and tongs ;
 Some admire duettos,
 And others cantatos,
 And others my song upon songs.

Let all who've the spleen,
 Buy this magazine,
 Such property to it belongs ;
 'Twill give them a cure,
 As certain and sure
 As this is a song upon songs.

But if you proceed,
And continue to read,
Each song which to this book belongs ;
You'll own, I believe,
Many pleasures can give,
Besides this our song upon songs.

S O N G.

THE CIRCUM BIBBER DUM.

Sung by Mr. Bannister, in the Strangers at Home.

THO' I can't walk quite straight,
And in figure of eight,
Still circling my legs do their duty ;
You'll always observe,
That a regular curve
Is reckon'd the true line of beauty.

Of Orpheus they tell,
(He who fiddled so well)
That his notes made hills, rocks and trees caper ;
So I can in my way,
When a Solo I play,
Make 'em dance full as well as that Scraper.

Tho' at first on a survey,
Things seem topsy-turvy,
When your us'd to't things don't look so frightful ;
Still

Still they move, more or less,
And good judges confess,
Moving prospects are always delightful.

The world's circular motion,
I'm sure's no false notion ;
For tho' sober I ne'er could believe it :
Truth in wine, boys, is found,
Now I see it turns round ;—
He that's drunk can most plainly perceive it.

S O N G.

THE CRICKETTERS.

WHEN running life's race,
We gallop apace,
Each strives to be first at the post ;
Mount *hope* with catch weights,
For *game's* give-and-take plates,
And pray what is *Fame* but—a *toast* ?

The taste of our days
Is in poaching for praise,
All men of their services boast ;
The ladies by dress,
The same ardour express,
Each would if she could be—a *toast*.

Both sexes agree,
Over wine to be free,
For freedom's an Englishman's boast ;
As freely we think,
So as freely we drink,
And a *sentiment* give—for a *toast*.

What is life, prithee say,
 But a glass and away,
While health is our ruddy-fac'd host ?
 But when we abuse him,
 We're certain to lose him,
 By taking too much of—*a toast*.

These common-place rhimes
 Suit common-place times,
Who now can of genius boast ?
 Why, really, I think
 'Tis a science to drink,
 And there's genius in giving—*a toast*.

Even politics fail,
 Altercation grows stale,
Of what now can either side boast !
 No matter to us,
 All their farce and their fuss,
 Deserves not the name of—*a toast*.

The riots and Routs
 Of the *ins* and the *outs*,
Is only a newspaper roast :
 Of cricket I sing,
 In and Out there's the thing,
 And there I'll attempt —*a new toast*.

May our *Innings* be long,
 May our *bowling* be strong,
Middle wicket I chuse for my post;
 Come, bumper away,
 'Twixt the stumps your balls play,
 And win the game love—that's the *toast*.

S O N G.

I MADE LOVE TO KATE.

Sung in the Jovial Crew.

I MADE love to Kate, long I sigh'd for she,
 'Till I heard of late, she'd a mind for me ;
 I met her on the green, in her best array,
 So pretty she did seem, she stole my heart away :
 Oh ! then we kiss'd and prest, were we much to
 blame,
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

As I fonder grew, she began to prate,
 Quoth she, I'll marry you, if you will marry Kate ;
 But then I laugh'd and swore, I lov'd her more than
 so,
 For, tied each to a rope's-end, 'twas tugging to and
 fro !

Again we kiss'd and prest, were we much to blame,
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

Then she sigh'd, and said, she was wond'rous sick,
 Dicky Katy led, Katy she led Dick ;
 Long we toy'd and play'd under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game, altho' she play'd in joke !
 For there we did, alas ! what I dare not name.
 Had you been in my place, you'd have done the same.

I

SONG

SONG.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWEL.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith, at Vauxhall.

THE top-sails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea ;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd with thee :
For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his guiding star.

Should landsmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales ;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales !
Thou art the compass of my soul,
That steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every Port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves ;
But such as grace the British fleet,
Are lovers and not slaves !
No foes our courage shall subdue,
A tho' we leave our hearts with you.

These are our cares—but if you're kind
We'll scorn the dashing main ;
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The pow'r of France and Spain :
Now England's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls adieu.

SONG.

DANS VOTRE LIT.

Sung by Mr Dodd.

DANS votre lit, my Fanny say,
 When past the busy hours of day ;
 Stay and let me happy be,
 To find you sometimes think on me.

Dans votre lit.

But whether absent or in view,
 My thoughts are fondly bent on you ;
 When in my dreams I'm full of glee,
 And in my arms embracing thee.

Dans votre lit.

But soon as dawn appears, my fair,
 The blissful vision's lost in air ;
 Consent, and you shall quickly see,
 'Twill make it sweet reality.

Dans votre lit.

The soft confession make, my fair,
 And with it glad my raptur'd ear ;
 And in return I'll swear to thee,
 Ten thousand worlds I'd give to be.

Dans votre lit.

SONG.

THOUGHTS ON MATRIMONY.

MY father has forty good shillings,
 Ha! ha! good shillings,
 And never had daughter but I ;
My mother she is right willing,
 Ha! ha! right willing,
 That I shall have all when they die :

CHORUS.

And I wonder when I'll be marry'd,
 Ha! ha! be marry'd ?
 My beauty begins to decay !
 It's time to catch hold of somebody,
 Ha! ha! somebody !
 Before they be all ran away.

My shoes they are at the mending,
 My buckles they are in the chest ;
 My stockings are ready for sending,
 Then I'll be as braw as the best.

And I wonder, &c.

My father will give me a ladle,
 At my wedding we'll have a good song ;
 For my uncle will give me a cradle,
 To rock my child in when its young.

20 JV 63 *And I wonder, &c.*

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